

# HOW TO BE A MAN 2010 *Esquire*

MAN AT HIS BEST

JUNE/JULY 2010

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OWNER'S  
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A  
GUIDE  
TO  
YOUR

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BEST BARS  
IN AMERICA

INSIDE THE  
INSANE SAGA  
OF CONGRESSMAN  
ERIC MASSA

BY RYAN D'AGOSTINO  
PAGE 94

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[illegible]

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**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS**

**AMT**

by J. A. Roberts, PhD

Go to page 188: L. Newman Wins Love. The article also plays on energy in the final word: Newman (starting on page 210) should be in love. Says the CoCo: The preview also has some recommendations for you to read: "poems," "And don't miss Ozma with a knife" (page 114).

**Abstract**—*See inside for full article details.*

At the end of the year's list of the Best Acts in America (page 62) which we've broken down into categories like "Rock On," "New Dark" and "What New-Girls Are." Jennifer Lawrence of course is a Woman We Love (page 64). It's this last bit, for some folks, go back and read that *Meanie* in my [page 64] 'N' heaven better now.

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**Hennessy**



# THIS WAY IN

THE GUIDE & THE LIST

This Month in This Way In: Your Internet report: pp. 18, 22, 23 and 24  
A handy guide to last-minute night 12: Break! pp. 14, 15  
overlaid, largely from our website on page 18. Shared opinions  
By Mark men: pp. 14. Some opinions for another week: page 18  
And so after all this: With everything: page 24



## COMPLIMENTS, A PROPOSAL, AND INCLUSION ON ONE LADY'S CRUSH LIST

The April cover story featured the lovely and talented Tina Fey, who gave us an idea of how crazy a night with her could be—and what it might have to do with Marc (Hilbert) (Hilbert) (The Last New York)

"You guys made this subscriber pretty damn happy. I just wish I had your editor's office to tell me."

What You Write About



- The 2011 NFL Season: 10%
- Why Men Chase: 10%
- Why Women Chase: 10%
- Why you chase: 10%
- The 2011 NFL Season: 10%
- A character study on Chicago: 10%



of having to speed past a of the season, handcrafted to the comedy, occasionally suspected Mr. Fey  
GUY McKENZIE  
San Antonio, Tex.

Fey is beautiful, talented, and funny, and has an unexpected party mouth a night propose.  
KEVIN ROBERTS  
Kansas City, Mo.

Fey is the perfect woman. Not only is she the only woman on the planet whom my husband is allowed to have a crush on, she's the only woman whom I have a crush on, too.

LEONA LEECH  
Hickory Park, Fla.

Your April issue into me to "Vote for the Season: Wasn't an Alive." Why should I? She's already on the cover.  
JOHN DOLAN  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**POLITICAL SCIENCE**  
Also in the April issue: writer at large John N. Richardson praised Marc Menon ("Don't Need a Weatherman to Know Which Way the Wind Blows").

## CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"Men don't need that (the handjob or the country-fried steak)."

the man who launched the Swift Boat campaign that started John Kerry's presidency this year and who more recently has turned his sights on a bigger target, global warming.

People like Marc Menon are science-offer politicians. They take one aspect of an issue, exaggerate it, and use it to make a caricature of their opponent. Too bad science doesn't work that way. The last-trapping effect of carbon dioxide, methane, and other gases is as well established as gravity. As what if Menon said he even plays the political game with climate science? They say and opposing ideas.



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# THIS WAY IN

extreme and verified ignorance on character, but maybe he not as far from it either. His play political games with it at our own peril.

**TEODI ROYERMAN**  
Boulder, Colo.

## THE CHEATER...

In April, one anonymous writer provided an unfriendly explanation for his inability to enjoy Matt Damon's

Although I could make a rational argument for dodging my taxes, I average out to dirt. I don't intend to murder, arson, even though it might make me feel "more alive" to do so. The basic

issue for me is integrity. It's a quality the anonymous writer of this story lacks, and it was regrettable to find such an absence celebrated in *Esquire*.

**D. LANGDON**  
North Bend, Wash.

Man who cheat do it for one reason. They're weak. Too weak to put their wives and families before their own ego. There are lots of ways to cope with this weakness, including, apparently, writing an article.

**MATT FRANKLY**  
Richmond, Wash.

Not only is your anonymous penname keeping his marriage strong, he's practically a humanitarian—filing ugly checks and tax bills in a "Big Brother" display of self-protection. The only flaw I see in his argument that "stealing" is far praiseworthy than there is an alternative. It's called backslashed.

**JENNIFER PERLBERG**  
St. Paul, Minn.

So it takes an anonymous guy's couple three times

CONTENT-FREE  
HIGHLIGHT  
FROM A LETTER  
WE WON'T  
BE RETURNING

"Most of my  
lady friends  
(and myself)  
absolutely love  
explosions."

EXPLOSIONS  
ARE GREAT  
AND FUN



words to explain why one is a cheater? It takes only five to explain why I don't. I proceed and I wouldn't.

**JERRY RAYMOND**  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

## ...WHO MIGHT BE ON TO SOMETHING

I don't know for certain, but what my guy does when he leaves his house, but I do know that he takes care of my needs while on my campaign and is as well dressed, cool, as needed. If a piece on the side keeps him appropriately attentive, then so be it. The key to communism [continued on page 22]

## SUMMER BEERS FOR BRAO

Brad Lindquist of Milwaukee, Wis., says he's found more variety in his summer beers, even drinks correspondent, David Wisniewski, put together this temperature-based guide



### Warm

Reach for a beer with robust beer: such as the light and peppy Schlitz Milwaukee or a domestic version of the same. Or the excellent Schell's Redwings or Hapson of O.



### Hot

You'll want a light Caribbean Lager, like Carlin from Portland or the ubiquitous Red Stripe from Jamaica. Both are plenty refreshing. But they do have to be chilled like a victory.



### Sticky

Make a Schlitz Milwaukee Summer hit a little bit a chisel it or glass, add three good dashes of Wisconsin's, two dashes of Wisconsin's, and so. Tap off with a bottle of Dos Equis.

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**THIS  
WAY  
IN**

with anyone of the opposite sex is walking into the room with eyes wide open.

Michelle Nielsen  
Johannesburg, Co.

Like the author, I cheat. I do it for the pleasure of sex with a woman who intrigues. I am excited by the James Bond-style maneuvers I must take to keep my wife, office, and other women in the dark about the "hidden hours" of those dirty days. Some of the women I'm with are married, must be divorced, but all seem to want the same thing: I do good dinner conversation and good sex.

#### NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Want to know a little secret? Simply delete the word *women*, insert *men*, and it's the same story. Seriously, you must think you're the only

## WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

It's not just you're pregnant. *Everyone* does. What *everyone* does not have is a team of experts willing to help with it out. If you have a problem with anything—your baby, your career, your wife, your lack of a wife—let us know or submit questions now. We'll discuss them on radio at 10:00 a.m. every second

case who operate this way? Women just don't write about it. We're sneaky like that.

—ANNE HOLLOWAY  
Alexandria, Va.

**MARCH (THROUGH AUGUST) MADNESS**  
For the first time ever, we're offering you the chance to pick the best of the best: our March Madness-style basketball tournament.

the April issue ("Special" Warren Allen Meador's), and voting continues through the summer at [sqair.s.com/issue vote](http://sqair.s.com/issue vote). The winners will be announced in the October issue.

Thank you for combining two of my loves: women and bracketology. SWA Madness is sure to become a spring tradition. Hopefully my predictions will work out better than my quickly busted NCAA bracket did.

JAN THOMAS  
Stromboli, Africa

Your students must have been made by a three-hundred-pound lesbian. Like *Love*, a number-one seed over January Jones? *Nine* seeds. *Amish* a number



**Mirrored Sunglasses**  
Exquisite, Highway  
nutritionist

**Flowerprints**  
Exception: Cool meth  
teachers

**Encephalitis**  
Encephalitis. Affected

**Exception:** *Fire-paddy workers.*

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improving the way we work



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# MaHB

MAN AT HIS BEST

ing

## THE VOCABULARY

TERMS AND IDEAS YOU WILL ENCOUNTER IN THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW GREAT FOR CONVERSATION

### SEXUAL BLOCKING

v. Mapping out a sex act ahead of time, primarily due to circumstantial complications, such as number of people involved, space limitations, sensual ambience, etc.

(SEE PAGE 52)

Fig. 1  
A person of her  
sexism before  
(See page 57)

### SOPHISTICATED



Fig. 2

YAYA n. 1. The first name of the model actress Yaya DaCosta. Equine's Woman of Summer 2010 and your favorite over the next few pages. 2. A broad expression of joy, as in "Yaya!" (SEE PAGE 31)

Kaka n. NICKNAME FOR THE BRAZILIAN SOCCER PLAYER RICARDO IZECSON DOS SANTOS LEITE. (NO RELATION TO YAYA) (SEE PAGE 16)

### PRIDE SHAME

PARADOX n. When the presence of a loved one at an event in which you are the focus of attention wedding reception, movie shoot, etc. — is a source of simultaneous pride and shame. (SEE PAGE 12)



Fig. 3

### OVERSCAPE

v. To landscape your yard to the point of orientation and bewilderment. (SEE PAGE 35)

Fig. 4  
Wardrobe photos a man (See page 35)

### Wardrobe

Wardrobe (See 16)

Wardrobe (See 16)

Wardrobe (See 16)

Wardrobe



PLANTING THE PERENNIAL v. 1. Inserting into the earth the seed or bulb of an annually blooming plant—such as black-eyed Susans, daylilies, Serbian bellflowers. 2. Engaging in an act of affection in the hope that it will be reciprocated—in that way. (SEE PAGE 36)



# Summer Style Fix

When the mercury rises, it's easy to default to flip-flops and cargo shorts. But you'll look (and feel) a lot better if you incorporate these five summer staples into your wardrobe.

## Ring it decide

### Seersucker suit

Perfect for the inevitable bevy of summer weddings you'll be asked to attend, Seersucker, especially unfitted, is the perfect breathable material, lightweight enough that even during a July ceremony you won't risk sweating out the bride.



## Ring it decide

### Fabric belt

And on your new-and-improved khakis, swap your leather Monday-to-Friday belt for fabric—either a preppy webbed variety or the cotton kind available at any military-surplus store.



## Ring it decide

### Blue chambray shirt

With its ultra-soft, broken-in feel, it's the perfect casual shirt for a summer barbecue—yet paired with a tie and jacket, it's still office-appropriate. Chambray is also light enough for a muggy summer day, making this shirt one more reason no one ever needs to wear a short-sleeve button-down.

## Ring it decide

### Blue-tinted khakis

The pair you want aren't shiny but aren't baggy either—look for a straight-cut leg. Rather than getting them hemmed, it's more casual to cuff 'em for summer. And ditch the pleats, a rule that holds true no matter the season.

## Ring it decide

### Lace-up oxfords

Get rid of those boring, square-toed dress shoes that make your feet look like Frankenstein's. Opt for slightly pointy oxfords in a warm, off-white shade. For summer, they're less dainty than black ones, and look great with both suit pants and khakis—or as the weekend with jeans and a button-down.

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Hot? Make yourself at home. It's like a modern-day spa. There are many reasons for it. In fact, it's like a modern-day spa.

MEN

## ESQUIRE'S 2010 SUMMER PREVIEW

An Esquire approved checklist of things to be watched, read, listened to, and/or played this summer. All presented to you by *Yves DeCosta*, our Woman of Summer. More on her on page 36.



## Eight Movies



### 1. THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

Inspired by actual events, *Wolf of Wall Street* is about a group of hedge-fund Jews bringing out to market the most outrageous and audacious of all: a new kind of stock market. In the end, the movie is a cautionary tale about the dangers of greed and the power of money.

despite. Whether he's drug male to a trusted advisor, he's uncomfortable, in constant search of approval. Basically, he's himself. And it works. It's just like what would happen if Michael Corleone had a more realistic, charming boss (he, with



### 2. GET-LOW UPON 30

For the enjoyment of this film when you've had enough time to be fully perplexed by *The Wolf of Wall Street*, the cinema recluses—played by Robert DeNiro—who wonder out of the woods only to throw his own feared party, another character wonders what's going on in *The Wolf of Wall Street*. "There's no hole

lots things you don't know, like what a dog does." You can make up any story about him and his rabbits, but you don't know if there's rabbits in there or not. And he can't tell you, now, can he? People don't say when they mean either way, then they try more about the in than you do about that dog's dream. You're even more into *The Wolf of Wall Street* (much of which is edited by Bill Murray's caliche) and charming funeral-home director, Peter Quince. But *The Wolf of Wall Street* gets it in its own right. That we don't know what *The Wolf of Wall Street* is about, necessarily, even if they're down to bad things. *Wolf of Wall Street* is only a matter of perspective.

### 3. THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT (JULY 7)

Jane Fonda plays Julie, a step-mother who's married to a woman. Julie has a gay

parents reveal marriage a last-minute business while her wife, Ne (Annette Bening), works long hours and drinks too much wine. When the women begin to contact with their sperm donor father, a well-intentioned but hopeless father played by Mark Ruffalo, things get going. *Wolf of Wall Street* is about the problems of two married women, but about the problems of married people in general. *Wolf of Wall Street* is about the problems of married people in general.



### 4. JOAN RIVERS: A PIECE OF WORK (JUNE 11)

Early in this documentary about the life of Joan Rivers, the comedian herself pulls out a stack of late books, the same ones from the '80s and it's full of terrible-looking, expensive, meetings, lunches, breakfasts. This is her should-should look, she says. She pulls out her very own. It's mostly what. She looks into the camera with a look of depression and disgust, and you need to see everything she's done over the last 60 years. *The Wolf of Wall Street*, the QVC banking, the red carpet, the appearance of a comedy club in Manhattan—has been done with the book in mind. If it's not full, she can't. The rest of the documentary shows her preparing for *Wolf of Wall Street*. *Wolf of Wall Street* is about a woman who works hard at 35 for the same reason someone works hard at 22. *Wolf of Wall Street* is a surprisingly excellent film about an admirable and underappreciated woman.











A man with long, wavy brown hair and a light beard is sitting on a sandy beach. He is wearing a white blazer over a blue and white patterned shirt, and white trousers. He is leaning against a palm tree on the right side of the frame. The background shows a blurred view of the ocean and other palm trees under a bright sky.

PERRY ELLIS

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**PERRY ELLIS**  
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## THE WAY TO COOK FISH

An easy technique from seafood master Eric Ripert to carry you through summer and beyond

(BY RYAN D'AGOSTINO)

**A**lex, my fish guy, said the scappo was beautiful. And Alex, the friendly and baby-faced owner of Riverside Fish Market's Twenty-second Street in Manhattan, doesn't bullsh\*t. He doesn't push the stuff he needs to get rid of. Earlier this fall, he needed to get rid of leftover trout to tell you into the wild-caught long-whisker at \$16.99 a pound so when he said the scappo was beautiful, that was all I needed to hear. What was only 10 minutes before, I thought same for dinner?

And then Alex said, so he was

wrapping it up. "Really nice fish. What are you gonna do with it?"

I had no idea. It's kind of whirling my head—stunned about what with scappo and then dropping into a box of ingredients, you hear what's fresh and then go home and figure out what to do with it. Try it. Not because the locavores will beat you with their locally-grown turnip-filled NPR tote bags if you don't. Try because if you know what to do with your unexpected purchase, your food will taste better and you'll live longer.

You usually just need a little basic knowledge, some confidence, and a

few ingredients you probably already have. Now you can add fish to your list of foods you know how to handle without thinking. With this recipe, Dom Karas of the Eats Report, of New York's Le Bernardin, you'll always know what to do with whatever fish Alex tells you the fresh-out. It's now dinner, it's a simple, fuss-free lesson in the way fish responds to heat. It also happens to be a good way to get dinner on the table in about nine minutes.

### ERIC RIPERT'S BROILED FILET OF FISH

• To make one portion, you'll need a 6-oz skinless filet of red snapper\* about 1/4-inch thick, 1/2 cup butter that is softened but not melted, and 1 tsp salt and pepper.

• It'll happen quickly. Preheat the broiler. Lay a large piece of foil on a baking sheet and lightly brush it on with butter larger than the fish with the softened butter. Season the fish on both sides with fine sea salt and ground white pepper, up to 1/2 inch from about five inches above.

• If you have a piece of fish that's sitting on one end, just tuck the tail under to make it cook evenly. Place the fish on the buttered foil and liberally rub the top with softened butter. Bake for 10 minutes without all the fish's skin and remove the rest. Place the broiling sheet under the broiler, about three inches from the flame, until the fish just starts to flake, about five minutes.

• While the fish is cooking, mix together the remaining butter, powder with 2 tbsp olive oil and 1/2 cup lemon juice. Transfer the snapper fillet to a plate and drizzle the butter sauce over and around the fish.

• The biggest question about cooking fish is always, Is it done yet? Here's a test that works: Insert the metal skewer into the fish and then hold it against your shin. The skewer should feel warm. If it's hot, then the fish is overcooked and your shin will hurt.

\* If your fish store is out of red snapper, you can try this recipe with another white fish, striped bass, halibut, flounder, and even more oily options.

THE EQUIPMENT



The broiler pan and butter fish quickly. The broiler pan is a simple, sturdy, and easy-to-use piece of equipment. It's made of metal and has a lid that can be removed. The pan is used to broil food, which is a cooking method that uses direct heat from above. The broiler pan is a great addition to any kitchen.

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**OUR FIFTH ANNUAL (DEEPLY OPINIONATED) SURVEY OF THE BEST PLACES TO DRINK IN THE UNITED STATES**

This year, we'd like to talk about values, about the qualities we appreciate most in the places where we drink. The normal designations—"sports bar," "dive," "cocktail lounge," etc.—they don't speak to our ideals and our standards. Our hopes. So we collaborated with our friends—most notably Esquire drinks guy David Wondrich—to come up with a new taxonomy of bars. The point is, if you find yourself in a bar that doesn't fit into any of the five categories investigated in the next few pages, you might want to find a different place to drink. To review the entire list, which we've been carefully curating over the last five years, and to submit your own best bar, visit [esquire.com/bestbars](http://esquire.com/bestbars).

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOÃO CARLIANI

Pictured: Cliff's Top 10 Bar (2) from Esquire's Best Bars in America. For more, visit page 62.



THE BUNN HOUSE AT THE HOTEL

FIDELITY INVESTMENTS

**You're Here, Soothsayer!** When I saw *New York*, I felt it was to meet people at my favorite dark bar, a place called the Room House that fronts the Hotel Ballroom on 47th Street. But because it has a good jukebox (it does), or because the drinks are so remarkable (they are not, unfortunately) it is not really Times Square. I like it because the windows in the Room House face north, toward the cold center of a midtown cross-street, jagged as any of its other side by heavy curtains. Because people, by not their faces and poses, the glass for a look at the gaps of life, place, who else darkness does not yield.

Because when I get there early and let my eyes adjust, I always get the first long look at the blinking and uncertain face of whosoever I am meeting. The place gives me options while they search the darkness. I can stand, or I can wave them over to where I sit, or I can wait until they recognize who I am and where we are. 232 West 47th Street, 312.866-0000

—TOM CHIARELLA

## 15 BONDILLO | SAN FRANCISCO

Negative traveling: 4 black-bellied fly

you go up—and we do come up, this is Les Femmes—(the little alley, climb the short flight of steps, and thrust yourself into the glass). Unlike most dark bars, this nightclub's hangout is also large and uncluttered, so the middle bar beckons across the

**A** very dark bar is a bar so dark that it takes you a second to get your bearings. And that's when it's dark outside. When it's still light outside and you walk into a bar like this, forget it—you're visually impaired. So it requires commitment. Because since you can't see in—a bar like this doesn't have windows to peer through, or maybe it did have windows, but they're painted over—when you walk in, you're committed. You're going to have a drink there. You didn't know what you were getting into, but now that your pupils have dilated, you do. And you make your assessment starting when you walk in. Which brings up a point. A man should approach a bar with purpose. Even if he's temporarily blind.

### The Obituary

## THE JUKEBOX

An undeniable one is to be sure. Such bars like to shape their patrons' experiences, and a jukebox allows them to do that for themselves.

It could be asked, however, that there are plenty of real-life war jobs on tape. By far the best kind is the old 45-rpm version, with no song longer than three and a half minutes and only 400 of them at best. That means you can't just play whatever you normally listen to, as you can with the cassette version contained in each box.

**IT'S WORTH NOTING** that, by the best of our knowledge, not a single one of the nation's top new cocktail bars has a jukebox. We can't help but wonder if that's a case of self-censorship.

You have to make choices! Even when it's available, you have to sit on your hands. If you're in a bar like **Tessie, in San Francisco**, that means you'll be playing **Elvis Costello** along with your **Patience** CD, because you already got your money in and that's what they've got. And that time you can't afford **Costello**, well, it'll be over before you know it. As an add-on tip, the absolute crux of the CD is to format tracks that most all the music you're likely to find is good and true because that's how you're likely to find it.

On the other hand it is probably for the best that well-made cocktails and well-curated jukeboxes are kept separate. If we could first take with us some cocktails and a jukebox stocked with Webb Pierce, the Five Royales, Dyla and the Blazers, Don McLean and Johnny Thunder, we would have a good

—(2) 2000-2001 年 12 月 31 日以前

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There are a lot of ways to get monkey-mouthed, face-planting drunk, but no as effective in our experience as inhaling cocktails on an empty stomach (and by cocktails we mean miniatures and such, not the things that combine an ounce of booze with five assorted sour mixes and jitters). One cocktail, okay. Two cocktails, still okay-ish. Three, not so good. Four and it's over. Strong drink demands food—and we don't mean peanuts. It doesn't have to be, in-car-plus-two on a plate, but whatever it is has to fit some way amount to a meal. It doesn't have to be fancy—drunk people are some of the least picky eaters on earth. In fact, it doesn't even have to be good. But when it is Bliss it is that drunken day to be alive, to paraphrase the poet.

—D. W.

#### HUCKLEBERRY RISTORANTE HOUSTON

*You're having: Tequila, a shrimp, or both*

It's a beautiful night in our neighborhood here. Arrive from Texas far away years and having never lived in Houston. I had no idea what we'd find when we got here. But the Mexican neighborhood just welcomed you right in, and a wonderful thing about Houston is its total lack of zoning laws, which makes for a fantastic neighborhood of odds and ends in all neighborhoods. Which is why there is a hundred-

met next door to Muckelgubel's, and the way it all plays out is that the feeling of comfort and home. The owner is French and will just pour you're so good, with local. There's dishes, roasting things out. The bar is only and looks like pretty bottles of liquor and wine and beautiful spirits. It has a small selection of beers, so you can stop all that and just get right for the dinner back, which is, after all, the best beer in town, hell, or Texas. You can get fed at the bar, and when you're done, get yourself a flaming hurricane. Forster,

#### THE RESTAURANTS OF AMERICA

and never even have a drink if you don't want one, and no one will tell you never mind. 1985 Welch Street, 713-423-0200

—NINA OTAKO



#### COOP'S PLACE | NEW ORLEANS

*You're having: A shot of Abita Amber*

The natives have enough (entirely justifiable) pride in their cuisine that even the places in New Orleans would be caught dead in turn out a tolerable jambalaya and fried beans and rice. Coop's, however, is not one of those places from though it's right in the middle of the French Quarter, the bar at Coop's is kind of (mostly) hole-in-the-wall. It's in a hard and place of Cajun fried chicken and rabbit-and-sausage jambalaya (a house specialty) in front of them. A note to the wise: The bar at Tappan's, where Paul makes a Sazerac of Old Testament righteousness, closes at 10:00 p.m. Coop's is only a couple blocks down the street, and it doesn't close until one. 7109 Decatur Street, 504-425-9051

—D. W.

#### HOLEMAN & FINCH PUBLIC HOUSE ATLANTA

*You're having: A Golden Beer*

Like many of the hole-in-the-wall cocktail revivals here have been colonizing the country of late, Holeman & Finch's first attraction was a sausage store that it's consistently equipped to handle. It doesn't go on Thursday, Friday or Saturday night. Easy Abita, it's not a crowd, and it's the best beer in town, hell, or Texas. You can get fed at the bar, and when you're done, get yourself a flaming hurricane. Forster,



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## Julie Reiner EXPERT MIXOLOGIST

Julie Reiner is one of the prime movers behind New York City's cocktail renaissance. She's been in an award-winning innovation who uses only the freshest fruits and the highest-quality spirits and sets in her original creations. Here she offers a new glimpse behind the bars, revealing how to create exclusive drinks that keep people coming back for more.

## Trade Secrets

I EMBARKED MY JOURNEY Back when I was a cocktail waitress. I was always fascinated by what was happening behind the bar. I was always asking, what is in this drink? How do you make that? PEOPLE COME TO A COCKTAIL LUNGE BECAUSE THEY WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. They want to be entertained not only by what they're putting in the glass, but also by the personality of the bartender. KEEP IT FRESH. All of our syrups are house-made—we have a house-made ginger syrup, a vanilla syrup, an all-spice, pineapple. IT'S IMPORTANT TO HAVE THE FINEST QUALITY INGREDIENTS. Sometimes I'll head to the local green market and pick up some things like Thai basil, and do a special cocktail that if you're using them, you're the best one out there. Order from the best purveyors. IN A BOTTLE, MEET THE BEST BARTENDERS GOING ON. Keep freshly made; you don't let it sit in your freezer, because it absorbs flavors. You don't want your ice melting like foam on top. THE BLOCK, IT'S A GOURMET ON THE ROCKS. There's a over one large cube. HAVING PROPER GLASSWARE IS IMPORTANT. If I like or have a martini, heavy base make glass if I'm having a bourbon on the rocks or if I'm making an Old Fashioned at home. HAVING BITTERS ON HAND AT HOME IS ALSO A GREAT IDEA. Buy a couple bottles, choose as my restaurant supply store. In a fancy kitchen store, you'll see these small shakers that work the best thing for shaking a cocktail; the set doesn't get any noisier. A BOSTON MARIAGE IS PERFECT—the sex smells from one side in the other. You get the ginger & basil, which is really gorgeous with a rock and. THE OLD FASHIONED IS A FAVORITE FOR ME. Women come out there days that are going to be a great drink to make with Basil Hayden's Bourbon. SINCE YOU HAVE A FAVORITE FOR KILL YOU, CAN'T GO BACK.

## Julie Reiner's secret for a perfect Old Fashioned

In a shag glass, add:

- 2 ounces Basil Hayden's® Bourbon
- 1 bar spoon simple syrup (equal parts sugar and water)
- 2 dashes Angostura® bitters
- 1 dash Fox Brothers orange bitters
- 1 dash Regan's® orange bitters

Stir with light ice cubes and strain over one large block of ice in a double rocks glass. Garnish with orange and lemon twist.

Spicy. Unexpected. Full of potential.  
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Good Luck.



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## STYLE



### CLOTH

Look for lightweight wool or some bright pastel lin (here, egg). It's wool and the texture of this fabric suit. Wool is easily wrinkle-free in chairs, and washes in the water for 100 washes. Both colors being lighter and therefore the summer season. You should also pay attention to the so-called super number. In this suit (Laplan 100 designation) with a higher number indicating more light or weight coats. Two-button wool suit with suit (\$5,500) cotton shirt (\$250) shirt (\$100) and tie (\$100) by Brioni.



### TECHNOLOGY

Be aware of new technology in tailoring: more and more technology is being used. This Cool Effect suit from Dorothea Zegna is not only made of brown wool but has been dyed to take on the reflective properties of a much lighter color. Two-button wool Cool Effect suit (\$2,500) by Dorothea Zegna. Cotton shirt (\$250) by Dorothea Zegna. Tie (\$100) by Dorothea Zegna. Jacket shoes (\$250) by Allen Edwards.



### COLOR

Is your potential going from an embossed car to an embossed office and back again? You can get away with wearing dark suits (dark through Loro Piana). But if you're in and out of doors all day, opt for a light or shade that gives you a head that reflects light and heat. Two-button cotton suit (\$250) by Dorothea Zegna. Cotton shirt (\$250) by Dorothea Zegna. Tie (\$100) by Dorothea Zegna.



# THE ONE-SEASON SUIT

FOUR THINGS TO THINK ABOUT BEFORE BUYING SUMMER-SPECIFIC TAILORING

BY STEVE BARN

For the men who suit? Get a style club, shopping advice, and every customer's every detail. Inquire about the style club.

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PROFILE

## THE SUIT MAKER

ANTONIO Fucci PLOTS A COURSE FOR KITON FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

**T**his man is all about operation. His meticulously tailored, artfully adorned, lavender-belted suit (a head-to-toe wrap in what looks like a red-and-white bandana, Antonio Fucci, the president of Kiton USA, is a walking billboard for the Italian art of seemingly effortless, slightly imperfect, utterly original style. And you own with all those singular details, that operation, you can't help but realize his suit. It's a great suit. The cut, the fit, the cloth—everything about it looks just right, as you notice it. Of course you do. It's a Kiton suit, and ever since Fucci's uncle Ciriaco Fucci and a handful of Neapolitan tailors started making them in 1947, that's what people have done. They notice.

From the time he was 16, Fucci has worked in and around Kiton's factory to learn how suits come to life. He's watched as bolts of cloth—pure wools of merino, cashmere, and viscose, as well as blends of customer-loved and customer-hate, all made exclusively for Kiton—unspool across cutting tables; he's watched as Kiton's tailors spend hours building each suit almost entirely by hand; and he's watched (and has been one of the driving forces behind) the company's expansion into sportswear, accessories, and shoes. He's



since become one of Italy's leading executives, traveling back and forth between Naples and New York City to oversee the brand's growing U.S. operations.

"We've done everything," Fucci says of the company's recent product launches. "So now we must build on our relationships with our customers and grow with them." But all that growth, Kiton remains, first and foremost, a tailoring brand, offering everything from the lightest of summer-weight suits—the fibres in the finest cloth they carry, Fucci says, measure just 11.2 microns, meaning each fibre is about one-sixth the thickness of human hair—to the midweight stock of its C1 Fit collection (pronounced chee-pit), a new capsule line of suits made from vintage 60s-era fabrics and cut with clean, contemporary silhouettes. Fit is the common denominator. "When you try on our jacket, you feel the difference between us and other suit makers," says Fucci. The structure is a little higher, the chest feels a little stronger, and when you opt for one of the lighter fabrics, you'll notice the difference. And so will everyone else.

For more on Kiton, visit [www.kiton.it](http://www.kiton.it). Two-button 11.2 micron-wool suit (\$11,000), cotton shirt (\$600), silk tie (\$150), and leather shoes (\$5,000) by Kiton, 812-464-4380.



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# ASK NICK SULLIVAN

The Esquire fashion director will now take your questions

**Are sock socks better suited for summer weather than others?**

—ADAM GILBERTSON  
Hoboken, N.J.

Excellent question, Adam. Massimo Osti's eponymous family firm, based in Bergamo, Italy, makes some of the world's best socks in a multitude of material and sometimes obscure fibers like deer hair and he recommends the company's linen socks (FIG. 1) for summer. He tells us, "Linen is cooler than these things stronger than cotton, and it's smooth and fast-dry. It absorbs moisture easily without feeling wet, so it wicks perspiration away from your skin very well. It's a tough yarn that doesn't stretch."

**What types of dress shirts are appropriate for job interviews, and is white the only acceptable color?**

—DANIEL LAMBERT  
Chicago, Ill.

It's the default setting of course, but I don't really know why men are so nervous about dyeing from white. Light blue is hardly going to kill them. That

and, keep your interview shirt plain or minimally striped, as interviewers want people to be impressed with their features, not with themselves. (Stress to pony checks or bold stripes.) And no matter what you decide, make sure your shirt is pressed, clean, and relatively new.

**Are rubber-soled dress shoes more informal than leather-soled ones?**

—ERIC SULLIVAN  
Oakland, Calif.

It's true that leather sales tend to be more distinguished than rubber ones, but it's not a hard-and-fast rule. Some high-end brands specialize in dress shoes with rubber soles (FIG. 2, \$800 by Given), and others, like Salvatore Ferragamo, offer rubber-soled options that are just as dressy as their leather-soled counterparts. The truth is that choosing leather or rubber is less about form and more about function. Rubber soles usually last longer, especially in city places, and some men blase about leather soles being less comfortable than rubber

FIG. 1  
Socks  
(opposite)  
made by  
Massimo  
Osti



ones. Mind you, these are probably the same men who would wear suit trousers with flared waistbands, so take such complaints with a grain of salt.

**When wearing pants and a dress shirt, should my pants always be darker than my shirt?**

—ERIC DOWNEY  
New York, N.Y.

Absolutely not, Eric. That's a pretty reliable one. You certainly want to avoid



FIG. 2



FIG. 3

the black-shirt-white-pants thing; that's a bit. Barry Malow's better outside with lighter-colored shirts and darker pants, but that's none of your business. Stick with lighter blue or gray trousers (FIG. 4, \$300 by ER Menagerie).

**I acquired several Coogi sweaters back when Michael Jordan was wearing them, but I don't think it was fashionable to wear these colorful, asymmetrical sweaters. Can I wear them today or do I just need to move on?**

—KEVIN HARRIS  
Park Ridge, Ill.

May I suggest that you move on, and while you're at it, invest in a cloud of happiness to ensure they don't linger in your memory either? The Coogi sweater, though once an immense success, is proof of the fashion mania that the more is more experiment is, the less often it gets to make a comeback. It is, accordingly, not scheduled for repressed until May 2002.

**Got a question for Nick Sullivan?** E-mail him at [esqstyle@esquire.com](mailto:esqstyle@esquire.com).



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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

*live in the know*

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# BE THERE. DO THAT.

**WARNING:** This product can cause  
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## WHY IN HELL ARE WE BACK IN THE '80s?

BY STEPHEN MARCHÉ

SUMMER MOVIES ARE the cultural equivalent of comfort food, and come fall, you are going to be as sick of eighties nostalgia as you will be of hot dogs and potato salad. This year's hot months will be filled with a noisy parade of Reagan-era remakes, revivals, and updates(s)—and that's not counting "The Hurricane," in which over-the-hill eighties action star(s) play over-the-hill action heroes in an original story that's just as eighties. It's a sort of eighties-erasing conspiracy theory—yet the timeless strength of nostalgia for this subject of decades proves it's more than just the usual Hollywood psychodrama of originality. No. This wave of eighties nostalgia is serving a vital social function in the Age of Obama: It's the escape valve for the pressures of Rage and Change, revealing the depths of our confusion and our ambivalence about progress.

Personally, I would prefer not to relive the eighties. The music was brittle. The clothes were ugly. The art was racist. Sex was AIDS and drugs were crack. Politics was even grasser than usual. And among the most successful films and TV shows of the decade, even the ones being remade or updated today, were all indictments of the times and reflections of mass frustration, disappointment, and exhaustion-anger in the midst of social breakdown. The A-Team was a group of Vietnam vets betrayed by their government. The Karate Kid was a misfit teenager who turned to violence because bullies kept beating him up. "Wall Street" was the story of a society run on the foundation of psychopathic greed. Rush is the inspiration for our current ecoguilt vehicles, but the key difference between eighties nostalgia and other recent retrospectives is that the shittiness of the decade is the source of our nostalgia for it rather than a distraction from it. The first thing any interviewer will likely ask the stars of "The A-Team" remake is: What was the most embarrassing thing you were there? What was the worst music you listened to? And the stars will laugh and talk about bad haircuts and what and relish the past they have such contempt for. The audience, meanwhile, will know exactly how they feel.



Clockwise from top: *The A-Team*, *Mr. Cool*, *Wall Street*, *Back to the Future*, *Flashdance*, and *The Karate Kid*



And then



Ronald Reagan... Barack Obama

In politics, too, there's an eighties craze, driven by both Barack Obama and the people who would see him fail. The president is as much a party to nostalgia as anyone—throughout his campaign, he repeatedly praised the mas[s]e whose legacy he is currently dismantling, at one point greeting the fortieth president for changing the “trajectory” of America in a way that Richard Nixon did not, and in a way that Bill Clinton did not. On the other side of the fight, serious Republicans have been calling for Reagan’s face to replace the current occupant’s [sic] on the fifty-dollar bill, almost when the facets of Reagan’s revolution have been exploded by calamity after calamity: the deregulation of the economy by the banking crisis, the projection of military power abroad by two horrible wars, and the dismantling of the social safety net by 10 percent unemployment. But rather than disavowing Reagan’s standing in the hearts of the faithful, the related failure of his movement has only led to his resurgence as a conservative idol. You cannot build a monument to a man until he’s dead, and politically and culturally Reagan was one of the great casualties of the Great Recession. In a strange and unexpected way, the eighties just ended.

The problem is that no new era has yet emerged to take their place—not in politics and not in pop culture—and we don’t know exactly what our ideals should be nor what progress should look like. There is no ifthen app we can shake to map out our place in history. The political class entertains us with the supposed grandeur of our moments when he’s not posing as Reagan, Obama is claiming, through a thousand small gestures, that he’s the reincarnation of Lincoln [sic]. And the tea partiers [sic] claim they’re the only true inheritors of the Revolutionary fathers when they’re really just nihilists, against everything and for nothing.



Abraham Lincoln by Lord Ron English. A portrait with a top hat. Obama Liberty mixer.

The whole of history is like drug abuse—the more you search for easy clarity, the more maddled you become. And being lost is time spent with pain, particularly for men. We are dying in stupid wars; we are unemployed in staggering numbers. And the question [sic] that many of us asked after the easy cynicism of the nineties and the grim reality of the most recent decade has not yet been answered. The



Madonna

call to history, as it turns out, is both exhausting and confusing. And so we’re retreating to the eighties, and not just because we’re in pretty much the same socioeconomic boat as we were then (high unemployment numbers, an impractical leader with shaky approval ratings, etc.). We could not relive any other decade right now—only the eighties were sufficiently luxurious in their hopelessness. Ideals and progress are just so much work, especially when wallowing in frustration and disappointment is so much easier. The biggest star in erotic right now [sic] workshops at the altar of late Marbol and early Madonna, and she will have the biggest tour of the summer precisely because everything about her is so disposable and phony. She is so eighties. The good news is that eighties nostalgia, while absolutely dominant in movies and music, is nowhere evident on our streets. People are not flaccid-curling their hair. They are not bounding to work on pogo balls. Serve a few Jackson victims, shoulder pads remain scarce. The eighties are the little fantasy we keep for ourselves in dark rooms. In the light of day, we know that the world belongs to us. We’re responsible. If the next decade is anything like the eighties, we’ll have only ourselves to blame. ■



Lady Gaga

YOU  
ACHIEVED  
BECAUSE HE  
BELIEVED.

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY  
*Enjoy responsibly.*



# Esquire

## CAR OF THE YEAR NOMINEES

THE ESQUIRE CAR OF THE YEAR should make your heart drop when you open the hood! You should dream about it and lust for it. And yet it's not a \$500,000 exotic. It's a car that is as practical and attainable as it is sexy. Picking up where we left off in April, here are the 19th annual nominees. We'll decide the winner in October.

BY SAM SALTZ



NOMINEE NO. 1

AUDI A4

The world's legendary four-wheeled best!

In the early days of its existence, the car was an unreliable beast, a machine that bawled its way down the road and threatened to kill you at every turn. The rough edges began to fade when the patented horizontal belt pulley direct and prime were replaced by comfort and reliability. And now, after a century of glorious evolution, we have arrived at a happy place where the phrase "that car" isn't synonymous with recklessness. Today we have the 2010 Audi A4, the world's finest best.

Some people praise the loss of the raw, but the A4 is a 333-hp reminder of the joys of driving. It's built on the bones of Audi's excellent four-generation A4, and while it's both faster and more powerful

than its base-model brethren, it looks like a different car. At a glance, it appears to be updated by the previous A4, a V-8-powered badger than offered wider fenders, two more cylinders, and some more horsepower. That's the cost of safety five grand more than the new A4, which starts at \$44,900. Sure thing, you think, must be no more.

Oh, this is where technological progress actually looks like. In the crash for fuel economy and space efficiency, Audi ditched



# So you're not a Vegas person. Are you sure?

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CRYSTALS  
LAS VEGAS







Long before the Eric Massa scandal broke, Eric Massa carried the lonely burden of another secret that, if revealed, would turn his world upside down. An extraordinary look inside the mind of a man in the crisis of his lifetime.

# SECRET THE CONGRESSMAN'S JOURNAL

[BY RYAN D'AGOSTINO]

**A** TEXT MESSAGE APPEARED, lighting up the cell phone in the cupholder of the rental car. Ting-ting. "It's at my house. Someone pounding at the door?" I am not at his house. I'm pulling into the Blue Bird a few minutes from Eric Massa's house to buy toothpaste, so I type back: "No, sorry." The city over Corning, New York, is still due blood-blue at early evening, but it feels later. There aren't many other cars rolling off Route 12, and the town looks deserted and still. I turn off Division, up Chenango Street, which gets very story very quickly. Then ting-ting. "Don't come around back. In the driveway."

Five days ago, on the morning of March 5, 2008, Eric Massa called me and told me he had tried to kill himself. Tried twice, in fact. He said it happened while he was driving home from Washington, D.C., to Corning: a distracted congressman coming home to his driveway five good, solid two times during the hour, he said, he had to pull over to keep from "well. Almost at the same hour he told me he was planning to announce his resignation later that day, and then he told if I thought anyone would want to read a story about him, I had one! Massa four years ago when I wrote about the financial hardship that running for Congress meant someone who has no wealth. He said I had stayed

in touch, and now I am pulling up to his house.

Massa has been talking for days about the riposte occurring in his home, which explores the pounding at his door. Twenty-four hours earlier, after a brief trip to New York to be interviewed by Glenn Beck for a sold-out house hour of live television, Massa walked out of the elevator to find a cameraman and a reporter asking him questions. Out on Street America, a young producer from the Today show, an old guy from the Daily News waving a tape recorder, and somebody else with a camera trailed him for a whole block, along about the graying of legislators and the cancer and the hedge party and his sudden resignation from the United States House of Representatives. He smiled uncomfortably and held his wife's hand and simply walked on, responding to only the harshest questions, a kid trying to ignore the bullies on the playground. Once they were safely in the hotel lobby, his wife, Beverly, checked text messages: "Well, the first one's positive. 'Great job. We're proud of you.'" It was a boutique hotel trying to be hip—the lights were low and yellow. Massa was making up a face to ending acquaintances when he turned to her and said quietly, "I'm sorry." She said, "There's nothing to apologize about. Why are you sorry?"

"For putting you through this."

A couple hours later, a town car drove them to CNN for a one-on-one interview with Larry King. The car reached along Fifty-

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## PROFILE

eight three, mostly in silence. A few blades away from the studio, Beverly nudged her husband and said, "Oh, I see a wiggle!" Massa turned and lifted his eyebrows wily and then said, "When we get near CNN, I'm sure they're going to be press waiting, both coming in and going out."

Nobody was waiting waiting in or going out. And the next morning, the 55-year-old former congressman from upstate New York—who resigned earlier because his cancer had returned again in three months—was seen as he has been a prodigious and boorish social memento to people in his employ, or because he has been despised by the most powerful people in the country because he stood in opposition to them, depending on who's telling the story—quietly acted the media-wise and strategic in his house and in enveloping offices, save for the posturing act he does.

Massa lives in Corning, a tired town in western New York, way across the Buffalo, in a big green house high on a hill, in the part of town where the Corning glass company executives live. A decade ago, a Corning executive was what he moved here to be. The place was work until retirement, set aside his busy presence, but a cottage somewhere, and live out his days with Beverly reading his books about war and history and suffering. Do some penance, maybe. It's not working out that way, but for the time being he has told us to be his greenhouse. Through the chipped windows down away is what we're looking at, and there is on the top of the hill high above the town to dump and chafe. Behind the house a single light shines from the open side door—orange and smoky from the back porch door. Most of the windows are black. It looks like a house without owners, except in motion, left a couple of lights on to create the illusion of civility. I knock a few times on the back door, but no one answers, so from the stoop I tell Massa to my cell. Beverly appears in a white robe open the door, her face down with lines of thought and depression, like a woman sitting down. She motions for me to come in. The room, done in white, is filled with the vaguely sweet smell of cedar. She is not wearing shoes.

"Eric's in there," she says, expressionless, opening her palm toward the long, darkened living room, through the French doors in the front all where the family photo hangs—one from every year since the very young couple were babies—and into the living room. There's Mass in it at the end of the sofa closest to the fire—it's a moody, casual fire, crackling and eating shadows—shoulders rolled forward, hands cupping a small glass of red wine, that angled slightly in, eyes on a candle in this expression or resignation, like a man in a writing room. The window shades and privacy line curtains have been down, so it looks like Mass is on a stage. A photograph in an oval frame hangs over Mass's head, he and Beverly on their wedding day 1988.

He looks up, head bobbing a little, and says in a voice that sounds really and soft in the log, dark room, "So now it's a real proper."

He lets that hang for a moment in the firelight. "They've got guys I served with in the Navy coming out and doing a group of

them." He stands bewildered, and maybe disgruntled, and continues, "We're talking about twenty years ago."

Beverly quietly disappears into some other dark room. Massa sits at the floor-plank wood floor, as he sits on the fire chairs and pages. And even though it's March, on the mantel is a collection, Dickson, miniature London decorated for Christmas, complete with figures of the ghosts of Christmas past, present, and future. Massa has bought the pieces—little houses, little trees, little Christmas shops, little London Stock Exchange—for Beverly over the years. Across the room, above the open glass pane hangs a painting of the Libertad, the Argentine square-rigged sailing ship on which Massa once sailed the globe. His father, Enadito, was a Navy man for more than thirty years—first served for twenty-three, rising to the rank of commodore—and the family sports class of Eric's childhood in Argentina. (Massa sometimes tells people he's Argentine, before adding, "By background.") Enadito, the family's lumber-top old yellow lab, lies in the foyer, thumping his tail against the rug. Whump whump whump. Massa has slumped back on the couch. Now he's talking about five-minute happiness.

And there's lymph nodes that drain your whole system, collect all the dead cells and bacteria and everything. And lymphoma is when those lymph nodes become cancerous. And—quack, puppy dog. "It's a whump whump whump. Thank, Enadito."

Beverly appears at the French doors. "He's just wagging his tail," she says. "Did you want to come in to eat some wings, or not?"

"I'll get myself. Thanks, sweetie, I'm just telling him about five-minute happiness." Beverly nods, his head, and turns away. If there is a dizzying jumble of executives attending the public session of Congressman Massa, it's also up to us to see there are several storylines. A few days ago, Massa had encountered the House leadership and White House chief of staff Rahm Emanuel for company again, like a woman sitting down. The way of Beverly's wife is, the president's secretary domestic machine. Four days before that, he had even mentioned politics in explaining why he had decided not to run for reelection, reminding, though not saying, that the one one that had almost had him a decade earlier had returned. "I will now enter the final phase of my life," he had said there. That same day, when faced with the first reports that he had sexually harassed a male staff member, he dismissed the charge, saying that he was an old man and with Eric Massa, "a big language" is what you get.

"So a spouse," he says. "You gotta realize the width of period laid right around your heart to appreciate—they can't do open-heart surgery because otherwise it's not open and you can't do open-heart surgery if you have an open wound. So they start hemorrhaging money into you and, by the way, there's no anesthesia, and then, but you can't move. And they didn't get enough time when they operated, so they had to go in and re-operate and go in and re-operate and re-operate, and then they've got 10 percent chance of dying from that." Massa stops, mass has been bowled over. "So I think about that and go. Well, okay, in my own I've got most of



Massa sits with Beverly looking like! Beverly's calm, looking in Eric's eyes, which would be his, their media appearance.

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## Step up YOUR STYLE

**YOU'VE GOT** A weekend golf getaway with your buddies. After the last score is tallied and you've cut at night reliving a glass of Pilsener Light, you know you've moved from amateur to pro. And pros don't wear overly trendy pants or a loud striped shirt.

**SAM SAYS** "With jeans, look for a straight or skinny leg. The simpler, the better—try to find a pair with as few wrinkles and distressing as possible. Lightweight cream-colored jeans are a good choice for summer and fall. Join the striped dress that is fave of a dandy, subtle plaid or madras shirt. For cooler nights, go for a motorcycle or biker/biker jacket that's no longer than hip length. Easy breakers like these, in a dark color, can take you smoothly from day-to-night."



**YOU'VE GOT** An evening on the beach doing "You Can't Hit with a Plain Black Gym Trunk." A girl was in a pink top and cheap flip-flops. But you've seen the light. It's a long way from South Padre Island.

**SAM SAYS** "The ideal swim trunk should fit either mid-thigh or right above the knee and be fitted but not too tight. Pair with a simple, coordinating, well-fitted tee—no angel wing, skull, or tattoo graphics—or a lightweight, short-sleeved button-up shirt. Mixing patterns can be tricky but works! If you coordinate colors and style properly. For footwear, the plaid sneaker is experiencing a comeback—not bad for a beach shoe developed in England in the 1830s."

PROMOTION

PROMOTION

## Cultivate YOUR CUISINE



**The Expert: CHRIS LEE**

Award-winning executive chef of Aureole Restaurant in New York, the man who's making American cuisine adventurous and exciting again.

**YOU'VE GOT** Your first chance to cook dinner for that yoga instructor. Preparing top supermarket salmon, pale-looking veggies, and a limp salad is not what got you this far up the mountain.

**CHRIS SAYS** "Overroast a whole broasted European sea bass with crispy anchovy hearts and cherry tomatoes, in a lemon-caper butter sauce."



**YOU'VE GOT** A last-minute dinner guest. There's just enough time to pull some pasta from the shelf, run to the market for a couple of extra ingredients, and look like a hero in the kitchen.

**CHRIS SAYS** "A simple and quick dish is penne pasta tossed in extra-virgin olive oil with small, hot shell clams such as Manila clams, along with English peas and parmesan cheese."



**YOU'VE GOT** A backyard cookout. Dogs and burgers are fine, but you're serving Heineken Light. You're ready to own this night too hard.

**CHRIS SAYS** "Wow them with grilled, marinated hanger steak."



**Ingredients:** 2 lbs. hanger steak, marinade of 1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil, 2 cloves (thin-sliced) garlic, 1 sprig rosemary (needles only, remove stem), 3 sprigs thyme (leaves only), acid of 1 lemon.

**Preparation:** Two hours before grilling, place steak in a mixing bowl and add marinade, toss well. Pre-heat grill on high. Place steak on hot grill. Cook for three minutes on each side for medium-rare, add one minute on each side for medium. After cooking, allow steak to sit for five minutes. Place steak back on grill for 30 seconds on each side, then slice and serve. Yields four servings. Pair with grilled vegetables and garlic bread.

## Turn up YOUR TECH

**The Expert: LANCE BROWMAN**

Relentless trend detector, founder and CEO of UrbanDaddy.com, the sex and e-newsletter for savvy guys on what's hot in their city.

**YOU'VE GOT** A used old TV that makes every show look like a hotel surveillance video. Time to retire it.

**LANCE SAYS** "Home theater can be complicated, so take a deep breath before diving in. You no longer

have to choose between plasma and LCD, because the first-ever 3D flat-screen TV just hit the market. If you don't want all of that new-fangled 3D mess, the picture quality is far superior, and it's easy to find a lightweight version with reliable design."



**YOU'VE GOT** A pencil-thin apartment with acoustics just begging for wall-shaking audio.

**LANCE SAYS** "Your life has a great soundtrack, and that necessitates a great sound system. When you shop, bring your own music—you'll hear the nuances of your music better than on a demo CD. Look for a system with separate components: To play digital music, you'll need a digital audio receiver."

**YOU'VE GOT** A sweet, new tablet computer. Turn it into a disaster.

**LANCE SAYS** "New apps can help give you an edge. Social networking apps are great, but turn them off if you don't want, say, your ex to know your coordinates. Transportation apps can help you locate a cab or a parking spot. Language translation apps can help when you need to say 'Let's get a nightcap in Czech.' And personal assistant apps can respond to spoken commands telling you whether tickets are available for that show tonight."



**SEE  
THE  
LIGHT.**



# HOW TO BE A MAN 2010

AS WE WERE SHAPING THIS ISSUE, WE ASKED SEVERAL MEN WE ADMIRE A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT THAT. HERE IS WHAT SOME OF THEM ANSWERED.

I recall one spring afternoon looking out the classroom window and there was Mr. Hill—all seven decades of him—sitting in the school gym. He caught my glance. There were staff instructors.

—Culture Specialist, 45, author of *Let the Great World Spin*, winner of the 2009 National Book Award for fiction

**Q.** What's the greatest example you know, or have witnessed, of someone stepping up as a man?

[illegible]

—Jill Lewis, 32, author of *The Wettest*  
*Happy and the Country* (collectible) (Kathy Seaver)

There was another 180 188 who taught me in first grade in Dublin in 1883. He was a very good teacher but he was not as experienced as I was.

**Q.** What about manhood do you know now that you wish you'd known at eighteen?

that there is no such thing as a free ride and that playacting at not being funny that's again it served me well, and I was fortunate to not grow this phony and come to know myself. The strategy for me was to grow a thick skin over every meeting I had. As a coach of the team, coach of the team is—Popeye and the God of the Jews—said, "I'm not a saint." Most days these days are cartoon characters in a different kind of person, and it's a hard thing to hang on to your neck and have the best of it. It's taking care of yourself with the best of the best, and it's not a very meaningful existence, doing the best of the best. Need we say? Matthew Arnold's song "Growing Old" and just like that, so here is the advice of Lincoln, Herkles, "Whatever you do, do it well."

—Nick Trochey, RD, author of *The South and Sports: Lister and King of the South*



DEEP INSIDE THE HIGH-SPEED,  
HILARIOUS, EXHAUSTING, TRAGIC,  
AND ULTIMATELY HAPPY WORLD OF  
**TOM CRUISE,**  
A FORTY-SEVEN YEAR-OLD  
AMERICAN ACTOR



## THE FIXER

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSEMAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICKL PARRY





# I WANTED TO BE A DAD AT A VERY EARLY AGE. I ALWAYS LOVED KIDS—BUT IT WAS MORE THAN THAT. IT WAS THIS THOUGHT: WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE, BEING A FATHER? BEING THE KIND OF GUY WHO TAKES CARE OF THINGS?

I remember looking at my dad and wanting to understand him. I didn't want to just watch the guy off. He was lost. I can't speak specifically in terms of why and how he got to where he was—that was his journey. All I can tell you is, he was never helped by life.

He was an electrical engineer moving between jobs, and we moved a lot. My mother basically did all the work, and then they got married and I didn't see him for a long time. He didn't try to help the family financially or spiritually, and I lived with the effects of the chaos.

I remember missing my mother's foot when she'd come home from work. There were times she had three girls, three three sisters, and I felt very protective of them, too. I'd be missing my mother's foot, thinking, I gotta figure this out. I don't know how I don't know what I'm gonna do. But I'm gonna figure this out.

**WAS HE ALWAYS FROG ON THE TABLE?** But there was no mystery. Every time my birthday was coming, I'd ask for something or a ride. My mom's way of saying you're going to happen was to ask me what kind of cake I wanted. That's when I got—the kind of cake I wanted and a way to the answer.

**MY MOM CAN'T BURN A LICK, okay?** She'll admit it, and she's got a sense of humor about it. She's got the most wonderful laugh. But let me tell you something: We'll get in the car in the morning, she'll put on a song and just start singing, and it was so bold and uninhibited that you just had to smile. And I'd have to sing with her to make the day.

**And you know something?** After about fifteen minutes, I wanted. It didn't feel better.

**I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD** when I started to figure it out. This was.

Someone told me about greeting cards. You could sell them door-to-door. But you gotta figure out how. How do I get the job? How do I do the job?

Figured it out.

A feeling of accomplishment and independence came along with it. It helps if I can buy myself a pair of sneakers. These small steps

of personal secretions came with the work. You know what else I found out? The better I became at the job, the better I could do it. The better I got at delivering newspapers, the more clients I got. And if I missed delivering the paper to a certain house one day, it was: *Wow. This guy's good!* Then it became: *What do I do here?* And I learned: Oh, I gotta talk to this guy. Handle it. The more you see Oh, I can fix this. By taking responsibility, I can fix this.

I was lost in so many other areas that a kid couldn't possibly figure it out. But I could deliver that paper route. Even with everything else whirling around you, you can have little wins.

**WE WERE ALWAYS MOVING**, so I was always the new kid. When you're the new kid, you're naturally to meet people. But there were always guys picking a fight because I wore different clothes or had a different accent. Moving to Canada, there was the French-English thing. Then to go from Canada to Kentucky.

There was this classic moment where I was little. You see him maul all the time. The big kid that picks on the other kids, the schoolyard bully who just won't let up, is right in front of you. I'd just made something for my mother and the kid knocked it down. He was just standing in front of me. There was no getting away now. He was to me. I remember him swinging and hitting me. I remember punching to hard so I could, him going down, me picking up what I'd made for my mom and getting out of there. I remember crying my gut out. But the day my mom saw my mother could see it. You never tell your parents.

**YOU READ ABOUT PEOPLE** who have lifelong friends. I never was in a place long enough to have them. So that role was filled by my family.

If anyone was leaving my system, I really felt it. I tried to develop a kind of sales in the presence of confusion. I'd create different characters and ad-lib sketches to make my sisters and my mother feel better. I'd try to make them laugh. I'd do Donald Duck or John Wayne. I'd watch Soul Train and imitate the dancers. If I went to a movie, I'd come home and do it for them. I guess you can say that's where I started. I always had a dream to be an actor, and I was fortunate to have a family that never crushed the dream. They didn't say, That's impossible. They laughed.



THIS PAGE: CRUISE BY GARY O.; CRUISE, BEARD BY DOUGLAS BIL; CRUISE BY BEN WING FOR F; CRUISE, HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JAMES; CRUISE, HAIR AND MAKEUP BY RALPH LARSEN; CRUISE BY RALPH LARSEN; CRUISE, HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JAMES; CRUISE, HAIR AND MAKEUP BY RALPH LARSEN; CRUISE BY BEN WING FOR F; CRUISE

I'D SET  
UP JUMPS  
AND CRASH  
ALL THE TIME,  
BUT NOT ON  
A MINIBIKE.  
I HIT THE  
THROTTLE,  
AND SUDDENLY  
I WAS AIRBORNE  
INTO THE  
NEIGHBORS'  
YARD.

**I WAS FIFTEEN** working at an apartment complex in Kent, Ky., as an assistant maintenance guy. Take out the garbage, cut grass, rake the leaves—that kind of stuff. The guys for the summer job.

One day we were in a basement and we came across this minibike that didn't work. One of the guys said, "Let's get rid of this thing."

"I'll take it!" I said. "How much would it cost?"

"Fifty dollars."

I didn't have fifty dollars. I couldn't even ask to have the money taken out of my paycheck because we needed that home. No way could I ask my mom for the fifty dollars—I didn't even want her to know that I was buying a minibike. So I asked if there was some extra work I could do to make up for it. That's how I got my minibike.

One of my sisters' boyfriends was a mechanic, and he came in and showed me how to make the engine apart, change the plugs, and then we put it back together. It was two in the morning by the time we finished.

Now, I'd ridden bikes a lot. When I was a kid, I'd set up jumps for jumps, like Evel Knievel, and crash all the time. I'd done it all—but never on a minibike. I got on. Of course, all I wanted to do was go fast, so I let the throttle. I started off by a neighbor's yard, went past our yard, which had a little hump, and suddenly I was airborne.

The neighbors had their two beautiful sons that they loved, screaming cars, and—oh, my God—I'm going to run right into one of them.

You know what I'm thinking? Not that I'm gonna die. I'm headed straight for the car as fast as I can. This is going to be the most expensive day of my life.

There was a narrow opening between the humpers and I aimed right for it. It was like a carousal, and I'm like El Coyote. Near that I know, I'm in the air, flying into another neighbor's yard, and I come down hard. It was lying in the grass, alone, thinking, I hope I'm dead. Cause I didn't want to wake up and have to deal with what just happened.

Claprrrrrrrr! The minibike is still going! Oh, my, I'm alive. Okay, I'm slow. I'm slow and I'm toward the road. The minibike was wedged between the humpers of the two cars—it was from a full throttle to a dead stop between the humpers. It was a miracle. There wasn't a scratch on a finger or

What a lesson! Know before you go. I'm not like you have to catch your enthusiasm. Just fill it in with a little knowledge.

**I WANT TO APPEAL** for this movie. Tape, it isn't doing anything on the other side. Well, my mom was in movies, theater, and I'd done

a couple of musicals. But basically my experience was a one-day shoot on *Endless Love*.

The location was in New York. Tape was being directed by Harold Becker and produced by Stanley Jaffe. Both were at the location. I said one line. That was it. The film is set in a military school and I had long hair in the time, so they said, "Hold up your hair!" Then "Thank you." I don't know why, but as I walked out I thought I'd print. It wasn't a surprise. I had a surprise in my pocket—and that was it. I'm kidding you. I didn't have that line together to where my mom was living in Jersey. I remember walking downstairs, standing outside the Holland Tunnel, and breathing.

I walked up for delivery and saw my mother on the phone through the window. It was a distance, but I remember her face. She looked at me and I looked at her, and I thought, I got it.

It was hard for me to sleep. There I was, eighteen years old, in a private dream.

**STANLEY JAFFE HAD THAT PROBLEM** Kramer as director. Tim Burton had just won an Oscar for *Ordinary People*. Stan Jaffe was one of the main characters. He was young like me, but headed was

an actor and a director and he was an actor. He'd seen how it works. He didn't know anything. But that's okay. I'm thinking, my part will only be a few lines. It'll be a learning experience.

I got a chance to Harold's office and hear "We want you to play David Krumpholtz." This was not a few lines. This was a pivotal character. Now I'm not to my stomach with me because. Also, I was aware that another actor was supposed to have that part.

"Thank you very much," I said Harold. "But I don't want to do that."

"Kramer?" Harold said. "What?"

I explained that I didn't feel comfortable taking another actor's part. Harold said me to trust him to work it out—where wonderful man—but he was also wrong. "Well, I'm the director, okay?"

Three weeks later of rehearsal. I showed up telling myself "Let's! Let's! Let's! You don't know anything. Just let's!"

Like that Mark Twain expression. Don't open your mouth and remove it if you do.

**ALL THOSE MOMENTS** on the newspaper made and selling greeting cards led up to this. I might not know what they were talking

about, but I know what it could be. I could work. Let me figure that out.

Turned to Howard and Howard told these stories. I was down with George G. Scott. What I realized is that everyone has a different point of view on his, and every actor has his own way of seeing the character. The choices of what my character should be, these are choices that I'm making. So I started to create a character the same way I'd said scenes for my sisters and my mother, by intuition.

Four days before we started shooting, I went into town on lunch break. I'm thinking, Stan looks perfect. Tim looks perfect. Stan is fantastic. My character is an extreme guy. So I went into a hairshop and had him shave my head. Then I went back to rehearsal with a wool cap on. We're doing the scene where I'm marching. I was in sweats and this wool cap, and I said, "Harold, I want you to see something that I pulled the hat off and Harold popped."

"Oh my God, Cause? What happened?" And I realized, maybe I should have discussed it with him first. For an hour I was thinking, do I get a wig? Then Harold came over and said, "You know what, it's gonna work."

**HARRY BUSINESS HAD** become a bit. I hadn't seen my father in about ten years. I found out he was dying, and I went to see him at the hospital.

He knew

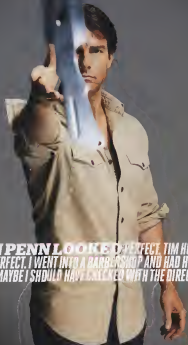
My mother is very special, and he knew that he'd known it. There was deep regret. I think he was learning himself. We used to joke, All I could do was tell him, "Look, it's okay." I wasn't going to live in blame and regret. I wanted to understand what happened. I wanted to understand, so I could answer the question, What can I do to make things better? I looked at my father there dying and thought, How can I make that go?

**THE THING YOU REMEMBER** was the little thing. The time he said you that he'd take you to Hollywood and we didn't go. You said you were gonna do it. "He's not being better than I'm gonna do this with you" and does not being better.

So you think, What's it? What are the first moments that I want to create in my life?

**THE CAT I WAS GOING** to go at it with Jack [Nicholson] in the courtroom scene of *A Few Good Men*, a big scene we developed on the lot. It just became a spontaneous creation. How do I describe it to you? Jack just started to crack it down. His movements became

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
TIM HUTTON. STYLING  
BY LUCY AL. HAIR BY  
JENNIFER W. SCHWARTZ  
MAKEUP BY BOB



SEAN PENN LOOKS PERFECT. TIM HUTTON  
LOOKED PERFECT. I WENT INTO A BARBERSHOP AND HAD HIM SHAVE  
MY HEAD. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED WITH THE DIRECTOR FIRST.

lean and lean, but he didn't move. The more he looked into Cole-  
net Jessup, the more I looked into him. It was like we just held  
each other.

We start the entire thing on a go. You could sense how it was  
going to be edited—like better. At a certain point it goes beyond work,  
which is when it's fun. All I can tell you is, I remember being and af-  
terward that it was great.

Quinn McIlwain? Paul Newman? Gene Hackman? Robert Duvall?  
Jack Nicholson? It always goes beyond your expectations.

**I'LL NEVER FORGET** the moment I became a dad. But it's hard to  
describe—the first of responsibility, the desire to give anything. The  
clarity. Nothing is more important than this. I remember that first  
night, just staring at Bella. I was checking her every second, just  
looking at her, feeling that incredible bond. I was probably look-  
ing at her so much that I was keeping her up.

I made a promise to her: All I could do is the best I can. But I'm not  
going to say I'm gonna do something and then not do it. I'll tell you  
we're gonna have an ocean on Friday night, we're gonna have an  
ocean on Friday night. If I say I'm gonna take you to a certain place  
you need to see, and I'm in the middle of something on the set, my world  
is gonna stay for you. I made that promise to all of my kids. I never  
really discussed it with the crew, but talking with Bella and Connor  
now that they're teenagers, I know I've accomplished that. When  
I think of my successes, that's right up there.

**FROM THE MOMENT HE WAS BORN**, Connor would basically climb  
over bikes and motorcycles. I was waiting for him to become big  
enough—I thought we'd wait later. But he must've started at two  
and a half. We'd ride slowly, with me on the back controlling the  
motorcycle.

We got him the smallest of helmets. It was dangling on his head. He  
used to wear his motorcycle gear around. Miniature boots, often  
gloves, these plate gloves, everything. We'd get him on the bike  
in a very controlled environment, let him learn and feel good. That  
was my gradual.

Remember just letting go. As time passed, he was allowed to ride on  
a small bike slowly around in a circle with people on different sides  
so they could watch him. He got used to looking up speed. The faster  
he went, the bigger the circle.

One day years later, when I was riding with him, my helmet fell  
and he went off, just jumped ahead. I'm forever the just pushed  
the limits.

But he has no motor. How many times you tell someone, we will  
have to learn for ourselves. He'll be in, and he'll be out—which  
is why I had him on full screen.

He went and hid the bike down. I mean, crash is a big word for  
a five-year-old and a little body. But he went down, and when he did,  
I didn't say, I told you so. I just went over to him and asked, "What  
do you think happened?"

And he said, "You and the bike." And he said, "What are you going to do next time?"

I just said it was the bike, and it was the bike that he could  
tell me about anything.

He grew to the point where he could teach other people. He knows  
the limits.

**TRY TO TALK TO AN AFTERGLOW** and I asked him, "What's it like  
going out into space and looking back at the world?" He said that  
it changed his perspective. Looking back at the world, you think,  
My God, how small it is. What are we doing? We don't need borders  
and borders, but I already understood that I understood a go-  
ing from Canada to Kentucky.

**ONE OF THE THINGS I ALWAYS REMEMBER** with my kids before we'd  
go someplace new was let the whole language and show them  
something in the culture that might interest them. I didn't want  
them to grow up afraid of differences. But you know, there are al-  
ways barriers. You can work hard, you can get resources, you can  
remove barriers, but there will always be new ones. There will  
always be new problems to solve.

One time, we were in Spain and there were so many papers and  
inside the house. The kids wanted to go out. It was one of those days  
when I knew I couldn't do it. The house had a really solid floor, and  
we just moved all the furniture out of the way and got our roller-  
blades on. I found a rollerblade trail, an obstacle course around  
the house, and before we knew it we were all racing around, sweat-  
ing and laughing.

If you're in any state of your difficulties with a sense of humor,  
you can get to a place where you can fix things.

**PERCEPTION AND REALITY** are two different things. I don't know  
if you saw the whole Oprah show. What happened, happened. The  
point was to be made that I wanted the audience to be happy just  
like I wanted to make my actors and my mother happy when I did  
those shows. As a dad, that's the responsibility, for my satisfaction.

The thing is, it got spun out. Afterward, all the things were being  
said and about me, and since they're in the other, there's nothing you  
could do about it. It felt like being in a wall where someone was  
and the other kids are whispering and whispering about you,  
and suddenly you hear what they're saying, and you think, What? That  
didn't happen. Look at the reality of the situation.

There was a confusion of events. My deal with Paramount was  
up and it wasn't extended. At that point, I didn't get it. But peo-  
ple have misconceptions about that whole thing, too. Summer Red-  
stone and I are friends. It's business.

Those are times you learn about the life. You're back to. How do  
I figure that out? I'd love to do that in many different periods in life  
that I had a good idea. You just go back to work. You move forward.  
That's what I did. I don't see any today. [www.fox.com/fox/fox](http://www.fox.com/fox/fox)

**I REMEMBER TALKING** to Connor. Connor about the last memo-  
rial in Jerry Maguire. I love his writing, that he said, "I don't know  
if this line 'how we live in a cynical world' is gonna work."

I said, "Let me say it. If you don't like it, you can obviously cut it  
but I can't wait to play that scene."

Because we do live in a cynical world. It's easy to be cynical. Making  
the choice not to be cynical is important. You can keep dwell-  
ing on what didn't work, or you can figure out how to fix it. Which  
is what being parent is all about. You know, I'm married to such a  
special woman. Every night before we go to sleep, Kate and I look  
at each other and it's like, How'd we do today?

You hope you are right more than you're wrong, but you just  
want to feel like you're right. It's your life. There's all you can work with  
only—that ambition. It goes back to the thought that you can never  
give too much in life, and you can always not give enough.

**IN A COME FULL CIRCLE** Now I'll put them on a young and tell her  
stories when I'm working on a script. I'll start with the beginning  
of the movie and take her through the story beat by beat. Of course,  
I make it age-appropriate. She's four years old. But she asks all the  
right questions. Why does that happen? That's the bad guy? That's  
the good guy, right?

It comes down to the same things when I was a kid. Can I cre-  
ate a character that will make her happy that will make her laugh?  
And you know what? She makes me get better and better because  
she's always asking me to do it again. ■

# THE VITAL ORGANS

YOUR BRAIN, YOUR HEART, YOUR BALLS

MOST OF US, MOST OF THE TIME, TAKE THEM FOR GRANTED—UNTIL WE CAN'T. HOW THREE MEN LEARNED THEY COULDN'T, AND WHAT THE REST OF US CAN DO TO MAKE OUR BRAINS, HEARTS, AND BALLS WORK A LITTLE BETTER AND A LOT LONGER.

Illustrations by AXS BIOMEDICAL ANIMATION STUDIO

## Brain

By A. J. JACOBS

WHEN I WAS TWELVE, I became irrationally obsessed with my brain. I somehow came to believe that each of my neurons was sacred, and they were in endless danger from outside forces. I avoided riding in cars for fear of evil carbon monoxide that could damage my gray matter. I wouldn't allow anyone to touch my head—no hugging, no tapping, no conking whatsoever—so as not to jostle the Tabernacle in my skull. When my grandmother came in for a kiss on my cheek, I'd dodge her like I was Super Ray Leonard. ➔

5. The nerve cells that constitute the nervous system, including the brain and spinal cord. The average brain consists of one hundred billion neurons.



The brain, also known as the "control center," is the "command center" of the body. For a closer look at what's going on inside the brain, see page 116.



# I Heart

By ROSS MCCAMMON



**I DIDN'T KNOW** how something was wrong a few months ago in my doctor's office. One minute I was getting a physical and the next the doctor was ordering an as-the-spot electrocardiogram (EKG). The minute afterward I was flat on a table while electrodes were being applied to my torso. I was staring

upside down at a picture of a wood duck and wondering if I was finally becoming a man.

I'd been preparing myself for this moment ever since my father had a heart attack a few years back. Because I'd assumed that I'd inherited the same cardiovascular system that parked a truck on his chest and left his fifty-four-year-old, 160-pound frame prone in front of his home, I soon felt a seven-year gap. Now my doctor was telling me my heart was racing, asking me if I was nervous, and having a woman in a nurse-papoose look me up to a machine. The results of the EKG, which measures the heart's electrical activity, didn't reassure the doctor. So he immediately scheduled three other routine tests—the same tests that most of you will face sooner or later.

The first was a cardiac ultrasound, a sonogram for the heart. It measures the heart's pumping ability and blood flow through the arteries. The sonographer asks you to lie very still on your side so the strands behind you with her arm draped over your bare torso, snoring, could wind around your back. The simplification of the blood

pumping through your carotid artery sounds like a disordered.

The second test was a twenty-four-hour EKG, which requires you to wear a Holter monitor, a portable unit connected to electrodes taped to your chest that measure your heart rate over the course of a day. You can wear it outside your clothes—clipped to your belt or hanging from a lanyard around your neck—if you want people to look at you about it. You can wear it underneath a sweater if you don't. You have to move the wires out of the way when you need a look. You have to sleep on your back. The Holter monitor blows.

The third test was a CT scan for calcium scoring. It's not covered by insurance (it costs about \$300) and is mostly recommended for people who have no risk factors of heart disease. Which, considering my family history and the palpitations my doctor had been catching, he thought, included me. The scan measures the amount of a fat called plaque inside coronary arteries, the blood vessels that supply blood directly to the heart. That's a handy way to gauge the presence of coronary artery disease (CAD) and, thus, your propensity for heart attack. The test results are expressed as a "calcium score," a number that reflects the degree and extent of plaque on the walls of your coronary arteries. You want a very low score. A score of five means there's "no evidence" of CAD, 1 to 10 "minimal evidence," 11 to 100 "mild evidence," 300 to 400 "moderate evidence," over 400 "no measure evidence."

I got the results of the first two tests back at my doctor's office. Turns out my blood flows normally to and from the heart. My

1. The vessels that carry blood away from the heart. Not to be confused with veins, which carry blood toward the heart.

2. The artery that supplies oxygenated blood to the head and neck.

3. The fatty deposits made up of cholesterol, fat, cholesterol, and other substances that build up inside the arteries potentially blocking or partly blocking the flow of oxygenated blood to your heart.

## WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

And what Dr. De does must about it

### 1. AORTA

This huge blood vessel is the superhighway from the heart to the rest of your organs. It's more than 15 inches across and receives all of the blood pumped from the left ventricle. Blood flows out of the heart at high pressure and travels through this vessel at 100 to 150 miles per hour. If this vessel is

severed, blood will spurt several feet straight up in the air.

### 2. LEFT VENTRICLE

Imagine lifting a heavy muscle every second for the rest of your life. That's what this incredible muscle is called: the left ventricle. It's the main engine of the heart, and with each beat it collects blood from the lungs and pumps it to the rest of your organs. It processes an amazing 60 to 100 gallons of blood each year—thousands of times that volume.

### 3. PULMONARY ARTERY

Each time the heart beats two sets of valves slam shut in sequence, preventing backflow. The pulmonary artery carries blood from the heart to the lungs, where it picks up oxygen and carries it back to the heart.

### 4. MITRAL VALVE

Each time the heart beats two sets of valves slam shut in sequence, preventing backflow. The mitral valve is the first valve in the heart, which collects oxygenated blood from the lungs and pumps it into the left ventricle, which pumps that blood out. It's named after the mitral, which looks like two leaves joined at the base.

### 5. LEFT ANTERIOR DESCENDING CORONARY ARTERY

This critical artery supplies the left ventricle and other major blood vessels in the heart. It's the main artery that carries blood from the heart to the rest of the heart.

### 6. RIGHT VENTRICLE

Each time the heart beats two sets of valves slam shut in sequence, preventing backflow. The right ventricle is the main engine of the heart, and with each beat it collects blood from the lungs and pumps it to the rest of your organs.

ing to pump the body full of blood. The key to this process is the aortic valve, a tiny muscle of cells that opens and closes to let blood flow out of the heart. The aortic valve is the first valve in the heart, which collects oxygenated blood from the lungs and pumps it into the left ventricle, which pumps that blood out. It's named after the mitral, which looks like two leaves joined at the base.

Each time the heart beats two sets of valves slam shut in sequence, preventing backflow. The right ventricle is the main engine of the heart, and with each beat it collects blood from the lungs and pumps it to the rest of your organs.

### 7. RIGHT VENTRICLE

Each time the heart beats two sets of valves slam shut in sequence, preventing backflow. The right ventricle is the main engine of the heart, and with each beat it collects blood from the lungs and pumps it to the rest of your organs.







driveway. Maybe a week without carrying luggage, and off I'd walk into a carefree sunset.

I booked my appointment, bought my "sterilizing kit" (a surgical razor, a jockstrap, and some gauze), filled my prescription for a single, precious Mifeprex, and went home to count the days, I began for my infertile future. But in my surgery appointment, I started giving it more serious thought. It's such a strange thing: Even when

minutes showing my balls until they looked like an uncooked turkey. I took my Viagra, felt my balls relax and my hands go numb, and then waited for my man to show up.

That's right. My men took me to my vase room. I went into the office and dropped my jacket. I jumped on the bed and pulled up my T-shirt. Dr. Weiss pointed my balls with iodine and then tied a noose around my dick, hitching it up toward my face. (Shaved and stretched, I looked, for the first time in my life, something like Icarus; my penis has been a lifelong victim of scale.) Then outcome the chan gun. Uncomfortable is about right. Stop, snap, snitch. Snake rose from my balls, and Dr. Weiss said, "Well, it's been a pleasure."

I tripped in the floor gingerly, just in case, but I felt fine. Back in the writing room, I was given a can of Coke and told to hang out for a few minutes just to make sure I was really sober. My coos and I made small talk—"So, what's new with you?"—and then I went home, jolted awake and glowed. My boys—Crosley and Don, I mean—were waiting for me at the door. I gave them a hug and went to look at my new set of drawers in the mirror. It was microscopic. Three months later, I was in my boss's name, down in the dark with the larvae, where I tried to feed a little privacy so that I might rub my outside to not-too-thick, dose-laced, unwhiskered conditions. After the last-use sample in

→IT WOULD TAKE LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES TO TRANSFORM ME FROM A VIRILE, BIG-BALLED STALLION INTO A MAN WITH THE REPRODUCTIVE CAPACITY OF A DRIVEWAY.

their entire lives worried they're going to get a girl pregnant, and then when they become old men and I come along to end the line, a new wave pops up: We're really through with having kids! My wife and I talked about it: was it circular for a while, and finally decided Charley and Sam were the children we were meant to have. We knew what our Setra portraits would look like for the rest of our lives.

The morning of my vasectomy, I spent forty, maybe forty-five

plastic cup, dropped the cup in the mail, and a week after that, I killed my mouse a couple of times and saw enough *NO MOVIES HERE*. Such is life, simple life, a tiny hole in a single wrinkle on my green hairless mouse. My balls were exactly what they had been, and the rest of me and my life fell in line behind them. And yet everything had changed. No more children, no more condoms. That's how to enter the machine in A.I. It's like a quick poke, one wrong another.

## FOUR STEPS TO HEALTHIER BALLS

◎ 社会观察 ◎

**LOSE THE BELLY.** If you decrease the size of the pulse for pad—that's the fat that sits right above the penis—it will make your penis look longer (which you probably don't care about) and will boost your sex drive (which you probably do). Testosterone is normally broken down in the body's fat cells, and abdominal fat has a dual role: it stores more testosterone and leads to testosterone deficiency. By losing that belly fat, you'll increase the amount of testosterone in your system and feel the difference in the bedroom.

**3. PROMOTE BLOOD FLOW.** Lying on your back with your knees bent and feet flat on the floor can increase the blood flow in your pelvic region, which, in turn, can increase the width of the penis. Not a lot, but still.

**EAT MORE WALNUTS.** Or almonds. Or anything that contains an amino acid called arginine, which is also found in beans, cold-water fish (tuna, salmon), soy products, and nuts. Arginine promotes a process called nitric-oxide release, which relaxes blood vessels and increases the blood flow to the penis. You can also find arginine in dietary supplements like L-arginine—though don't exceed more than 2,800 mg a day.

**GET SERIOUS ABOUT LOWERING YOUR CHOLESTEROL.** Among the myriad other reasons for doing this: It will facilitate blood flow to your penis and impact your sex drive, the girth of your penis and the firmness of your erection.

THE  
MIDWINTER  
CHECKLIST  
+

**1) EVERY DAY, ANY AFTERNOON**  
Does it hurt when you pee?  
Are you sitting down?  
Is there any discharge when  
you adjust yourself? If the  
answer is yes and the prob-  
lem lasts for more than a few  
days, see a doctor.

**EVERY 10 MINUTES CHECK YOUR BALLS.**  
Pain around your testicles, like hiccups and discomfort and if you notice anything that feels like a kink, see your doctor. There's a chance it could be testicular cancer.

**PHYSICAL**  
And ask your doctor about your blood pressures, cholesterol, and testosterone levels. If you're having problems with any of those things, it'll eventually influence your sex life. Good heart, good penis. Good penis, good heart.

This anatomical illustration shows the female reproductive system. The main image is a lateral view of the uterus and associated structures, with labels 1 through 10. An inset image in the lower right corner provides a superior view of the uterus, with labels 11 through 13. The labels point to the following structures:

- 1. Uterus
- 2. Fallopian tube
- 3. Ovary
- 4. Vagina
- 5. Vulva
- 6. Clitoris
- 7. Labia majora
- 8. Labia minora
- 9. Perineal body
- 10. Anal canal
- 11. Uterus (superior view)
- 12. Fallopian tube (superior view)
- 13. Ovary (superior view)

### WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

And what Dr. Fisch films most about it

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## 11 EPIDIDYMS

The lowest part of your abdomen, or in your tunic—It's the tail of a coiled tube called the epididymis that sits on the back of each testicle, and it's where most of the sperm is stored after it's created by the testicles. For sperm to stay healthy it needs to be stored at cooler temperatures, and because the tail of the epididymis is that much farther away from the rest of the body, it's just a little bit cooler.

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**21 VAS DEFERENS**  
The tubes that transport sperm from the epididymis to the ejaculatory duct

### 31 BLADDER NECK

When the bladder ends and penile begins. When you're safe, it coarsens up and the uric acid goes from the bladder to the urethra. When you're having sex, it closes like a sphincter so you have to worry about a muddy ejaculate at the same time.

... ..

**4 | PHYLACTERIAL GLANDS**  
 You know how before you at late-year inflections see that MP theme line editor makes the fluid which is necessary for it? It helps lines the surface to it, so it can make. It's way out your pens. Isn't through we people that women can get? And just through fluid then actually very little space in

1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 26

**5 SEMINAL VESICLES**  
Sixty-five percent of your ejaculate comes from Tripl. made

these glands. (The red comes from prostatic fluid and sperm from the testicles.) This stuff has fructose in it, which is the sug-  
ar that the sperm needs while in transit to the egg. If you haven't had sex for a long time, at the end of that it stored up in the sac, not ejaculate will come for a while.

But if you have a lot of data and you don't want to lose it, you can use a backup service like [iCloud](#) or [Google Drive](#) to store your data. This way, you can keep your data safe and secure, and you can access it from anywhere.

if possible. Give it a day or so before you decide.

### 6 | EJACULATORY DUCTS

How do the semen actually get in to the urethra? These little tubes. During ejaculation, sperm pass through the vas deferens and arrive at these little tubes, where the sperm then mixes with fluids from the seminal vesicles and is possible to form the semen that then passes through the urethra.

91 PRINSTATE

What does this plan do when it's not keeping men up at night worrying about cancer? It supports important business activities. Compared with the support of the control vehicles, iSTAT Build is more active, and involves more staff, than other

late furies were salty than the

**8 | CORPUS CAVERNOSUM**  
Think of your penis as being made up of three cylinders, and two of those three go by the name of Corpus Cavernosum. They're kind of like the inner tubes of a bicycle tire: when you get an erection, that's the corp cavernosum filling up with blood after you ejaculate. The third drains out of there and your penis becomes soft again. [»](#)

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HOW  
TO

# RAISE MEN

I MEAN, A LOT OF US ARE DICKS. SO HOW DO YOU MAKE  
ONE WHO ISN'T? BY A. J. JACOBS

The title of this essay is a little presumptuous, seeing as my men—a six-year-old and twin three-year-olds—are still lumps of Play-Doh. But in the course of their brief lives, they've taught me some things. First, having a baby boy in twenty-first-century America is a profoundly emasculating event for all males concerned. At least it was in my experience. The poor kid, fresh from the womb, is dressed in little white jumpsuits adorned with ducks and teddy bears. Not much dignity in that. He's got no power, no free will, no way to object to the relentless tummy tickling. And I'm not even mentioning circumcision. Things aren't much better for the father. I realized this when I found myself strapped to a contraption called "My

First Friend" (a pillow that you can use to cradle your baby while nursing) with a tube taped to my groin (a makeshift attempt to mimic my wife's nipple), pleading with my son in falsetto to suckle my finger. It was at that moment that I understood my tears had been removed and stored in a BPA-free container under the sink.

And so it goes for six months or so. The boy is a gentlemanly little dick in the macho armchair to that left.

And then, unexpectedly, with frightening speed, the boy's Y-chromosome kicks in. It's a remarkable thing to watch. If anyone thinks gender is purely a social construct—as I once did—they should spend a couple hours with my sons. It's like my boys read a book called *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Being Male* (500 pages).

Let me go down the list:

• Fascinated by cars and transportation? Check. (They sit spellbound while I read books with pictures like "and the bus-car starts to bright.")

• Obsessed with sports? Check. (My oldest son wanted to name his brother Baseball and his brother Bill.)

• Frenzies of violence? Yes. (All roads lead to physical conflict, e.g., hugging turns into wrestling, which turns into eyeball diving.)

• Obsessed by bodily functions? Check. (The first picture book my oldest son read was about a man who took a dump on the forty-third floor of the Empire State Building.)

• Love guns? Yes. (Despite my attempts at strict control—including removing water guns under "aquatics.")

• Loud? Beyond comprehension. (When I ask my son to be quiet because his son is napping, he'll walk by her room shouting, "TIP TOE! TIP TOE!")

Whenever I visit my kids at school, I get to see the gender gap in action already lined from a couple of years ago: my oldest son's classroom displayed the children's art projects made of colored wooden blocks. The girls came up with well-arranged two-dimensional designs. The boys? They were all little Hans and Anatas with their little phallic towers.

I certainly didn't teach them that one bit. I won't what you call a guy's guy. Even before the first formal weekend I was a sports-mad dad. I went to a Harvard college with good bathrooms where we'd spend a typical Friday night discussing the gender-neutral production of *Twelve Angry People*. My wife and I always imagined ourselves having girls and spending Saturdays making popcorn in the kitchen.

The experience with my son's boyish boys has had an unexpected aftereffect: It's bunched me up. My boy's confidence and directness and hunger for life, the way they wrestle and laugh when a redhead smells me in the face, it's made me rediscover my own maleness.

I still have casual feelings about testosterone—it's a complicated chemical. At 30, it pushes us to build muscle and fight against. On the other hand, men are dicks. Not all. But a lot. I vacillate between wanting my sons to be alpha and beta. Yeah, vacillation. Not a manly trait, I know.

Well, in the past six years, I've done a lot of reevaluating. I've come to believe that we underestimate some male virtues—and so rarely evaluate others. Or at least I did. Here's my list.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUSS AND REYN



## UNDERRATED: TRIBALISM

The last time I'd paid attention to professional sports was around 1977—the year my dad took me to Game Six of the World Series, then made us leave in the seventh inning to beat the traffic. “But what if Reggie Jackson hits a third home run, Dad?” “Don’t worry. He won’t.”

On the upside, we did have the subway all to ourselves.

But that year, at the request of my editor, I watched the Jews in the play off. And when they scored, he laughed like Ray Liotta in *GoodFellas*, and I laughed with him, and we stomped triumphantly around the livingroom, doing coyote howls. So that's what all the fuss is about, I remember thinking. I'd forgotten the joys of tribals in Pd. I forgot the deep (irrational) pleasure of belonging to an arbitrary group.

The next week, the Jew lost, which sent my man into a funk for two days. He recovered in time to root for the Gals during the Super Bowl, because a hometown looki made them fleur-de-lis. It was all "Go Gals!"—until the Saints started winning, at which point he overrode his allegiance to New Orleans. Not very loyal at all. But there's also something really about rooting for the winners.

## UNDERRATED: INSOLENCE

The Bible says that you can't create your son if he is insolent. (Look it up: Deuteronomy 21:18-21) But one of the great joys of fatherhood is the pleasure of being touched by my son. It's not so basically Triumph the Insane Comic Book Guy. "Daddy, you are [insert outrageous] by a montage of irresistible laughs."

Oh, how it rocks my heart. Before the  
a distant for aggressive guy than me. I  
you want a box of tampons with that w

But my sons' exuberance in delivering it for what is to me an expression of love, they go off and whisper in the corner, punch at its most razor sharp, next Oscar Wilde to me and shout "You're not supposed to do

It's oddly good for my ego. I made the learned how to rock me. Can you imagine to create such a thing? God give Adam won't smell it out.

**OVERRATED:** DRIVE

Mykelson, Jasper, is aboard *Adrian Stuart Lark*. It's a horrible book. It was based on a real life abduction by



ros and treats the one girl who seems attracted to him like a guinea-pig. In the last chapter, Smart drives north on his last sports car, out of town with his parents, having accomplished nothing. No closure at all. It remained one of the Japanese finest but least satisfying.

The ending so rattled my son, we've had to change the way we read. Now when we start a book, he asks me to read the ending first. Every night, we fast-forward to the last five minutes to make sure there's some finality.

I can understand Jasper's concern, but I also think it's silly. It's symptomatic of what I see as an unfortunate trend: the obsession with results. Always closing. The journey is merely a pony ride on the way to the destination. My dad rarely gave me life advice, figuring it's better to shoot, not tell. But I remember one time, when I was spluttering curses while losing a game of Risk, he put down his cards and told me this simple truth: "You shouldn't get so upset. You have to make an effort to win in your life. There's second of it."

I've never forgotten it. The scales of mindfulness isn't a weak, femininely masculine one. It's more Buddhist, or maybe End Simple-ish. But it's the true way to mend a life. Appreciate what

you have, and don't always be focused on what you want. My son Lucas seems to be the most mindful of the family, spontaneously announcing his emotional state. "I'm happy!" he'll say in the middle of a meal and choose dinner as while enjoying a particularly smooth chocolate milk. One night he said, "I love."

Every night in bed, we spend a few minutes giving thanks—the closest thing my family has to prayer. Jasper always gives thanks for the same three things—We Super Mario Bros., We Mario Kart, and We Carnival Games. But it's a start.

### UNDERRATED: REPRESSION

Maybe it seems more acceptable if I call it socialism. Either way, we're told nowadays to express ourselves, let our emotions flow out of us like milk from an udder. But lately I've become a fan of the Victorians and the Minstrel and their impeccable upper lips.

This is because watching young boys get angry is a scary thing. The force of their rage is astonishing. If one of my sons' desires is somehow thwarted—another brother won't share the yellow Huggies Huggie Huggies—he will yodel and his face crinkle like a stick, move over. The sounds that come out of his mouth don't resemble anything human or even animal. They're more akin to heavy machinery, maybe a bulldozer tearing through tundra.

Every night, my oldest son and I talk about what he did right and wrong that day. If he cried—unless it was because he was hurt or had a life-changing crisis—it's a crack I'll allow. We're talking about inanimate objects—which I believe to be a uniquely male trait—another crack I'd like to open to him that anger begins to seep. There's wisdom in asking Prince Charles to sit the royal water and push it down to rest stomach.

This reality is, alas, true: I can't control my own words. And not once in my life's happenings is it stable. Like when I went to the street fair recently and the puggerist started juggling tomatoes (a cell-phone call). And then talked for like fifteen minutes while Jasper looked on all eager and hopeful. "Excuse me," I said after three minutes. He turned his back to me. My face flushed, and my pulse quickened, and my wife had to pull me away as I began shouting in rage.

**OVERRATED:** BIG BALLS

Gaps are born with huge ones. Literally and figuratively. Literally because they're filled with mud and look disturbingly like ripe plum tomatoes. Figuratively because they have yet to learn fear.

I remember walking with my sons down a country road in the Poconos. Lucas was shuffling fifteen feet in front of me, with my friend David. I watched Lucas stop head down and pick up a thick, black, coiled rope from the dirt. He held it aloft, twirled it around, admiringly. Then I saw my friend David start making wild gestures: "Moon!!! No!!!!!!" That must be me, fifty-yeap, I thought. David pulled Lucas toward him and screamed at him to drop the rope. Then the rope slipped away. I almost vomited. I spent the next two hours on Google trying to figure out if the complex rope combination, that I saw him do, was really an Olympic move.

Part of my job-as-a-father, I believe, is to torch their balls. One of the few agreed-upon conclusions of those who study male-female brain differences is that boys' brains are wired for more risk taking. Which is fine when it's a noble risk. But boys are prone to reckless risk, it goes on a stereotypical

“I’m trying to train their brains only to do cost-benefit analysis. I don’t forbid them to jump off the wall. I say, yes, it would feel good to jump off that wall. But how will it feel when you land on your knees and cut it open?”

They still jump, but I sometimes get them to pause.

### OVERRATED: DECISIVENESS

Six-year-old boys are cable-TV pushis without the wisdom or ability. They are all about sweeping judgments, and very, very strong opinions based on absolutely no evidence at all.

"I hate edamame," (He has never tried edamame.) "Don't take us to the Chelsea Piers bowling alley. It's the worst." (He has never been to the Chelsea Piers bowling alley.) One of Jasper's new classmates asked him for a playdate on the first day of school. Jasper said sorry, he was busy. What about tomorrow? She kid asked. My son replied, "No. I'm busy for the rest of the year."

Disavowal can be a virtue, of course, but I've come to believe the best leaders regard their gaze with caution. I do see paternalism in my seat, though. Jasper once spent five minutes at the counter of our local café debating between a muffin and a residence. He looked at me, his eyes swelling up, and said, "I don't know which to pick." I told him I was to pretend that he put so much thought into it.

Which only confused him more.

### UNDERRATED: BROTHERHOOD

Early in his life, Anger displayed amazing compassion. Unfortunately it was mostly for electronic appliances. When our TV broke, he insisted on putting a Band-Aid on the screen, hoping it would feel better.

Compassion for his brothers, though? Not so much. We had enough trouble getting him to acknowledge their existence. He never looked at them, preferring to compare them with what my art history professor calls a "biopic maniac," as if there weren't fascinating new light shed on the harpers. I felt absolutely needed to discuss them, but he forced me into a "who's who" and "what's new."

After about a year, he finally seemed to accept the fact that his brothers weren't going to be returned to the hospital. And since then, like his little, we've seen glimpses of brotherly love emerge. One less brotherly feud. A couple of weeks ago, on a road trip to Jersey, Joseph and I between him and his brother in the backseat and spent twenty minutes acting as mediators in their intense dispute over which Nickelback DVD to watch. It was a thrill to say I'm not sure how to mature than brotherly love, except to say

Japan how good we are when he says that way. We probably overlaid in that day in the car making it out like he was negotiating the peace between Conan and NBC.

I'm close to my sister and I know her that I've come to believe there's a qualitative difference between siblinghood and brotherhood. It's like the difference between a bottle of juice and a bottle of beer.

### UNDERRATED: DELUSIONAL OPTIMISM

A few months back, out for a walk in Connecticut, Jasper had a dog. I took him to the base of a maple. As he unspooled, he announced, "I'm going to make my pee go to the top of this tree." The beauty part is, he believed it.

I hope he keeps this delusional optimism. It's a tricky mindset, I know. Used wrongly, it can cause [continued on page 160]

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

# JON FAVREAU

ACTOR, DIRECTOR, WRITER, 43, LOS ANGELES INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSMAN PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON DUFFY

- **You don't want** Christy Rose to be your first gig. It must be a terrible burden. When fate parcels it out to you incrementally, it might seem frustrating at the time, but it's a blessing.
- **I've always needed** physical confrontation. It was part of growing up in Queens—riding the subway to school every day. You definitely had the curious sexuality. Walk with the herd and avoid the predators.
- **I don't envy** people who were born into privilege. It's that struggle that makes you who you are.
- **This is just** so money, because my mom has been a nurse since I was twelve, but there was always an appreciation for what ever I did creatively. If I had a tower out of blocks, she'd get out the Instamatic camera to take a picture. Then come in handy whenever disappointment was heaped upon me later in life.
- **You have to create** the quest to be able to listen to the very faint voice of your situation.
- **I don't have to look** at how much things cost on the menu when I'm ordering food anymore. That was a big deal.
- **My grandfather** always said he didn't care when he got ripped off for money. He said he was most offended when somebody took his name. I didn't understand that at first. But I do now.
- **I had a writing teacher** who said, "If you want to learn how to write a screenplay, read *The African Queen* twice."
- **Kids don't want** to be game players anymore. They want to be DJs.
- **You get your** Charlie Parker record and play it over and over again. You play it note for note, and eventually you find your own voice.
- **I don't get** stage fright. I get exhilarated.
- **Storytelling** is more an instinct than an art.
- **Why do people like** *Sir* *Whe?* Why does *Avatar* play in every country around the world? Why is *Raiders* around for so many centuries? Why does the little endure? You're dealing with simple, basic, well-rehearsed stories that are disoriented differently. You gotta study the old essays and put the modern-day spin on it.
- **You used to** grow up in the things you grew up with. So I like Carol even though it might not be a poem to create. I just had it with someone from L.A. He said, "This is what you were eating?" Yeah. Because you grew up with it and you love it.
- **Has someone** I can't answer that one. Ever always been the friend of the guy having sex in the movies.
- **The feedback** from the hip-hop scene over time. When you're left, you play near to success. As you get older, you get in essence, to correct and move it. Later on, it becomes who you will debate with and achieve goals with. It becomes bringing out the best in each other. Whatever the version, it's all about connecting/love/hate.
- **Handling the attention** is a very lonely family in a challenge when you're a little kid. To get a score at the table, you better bring it, otherwise you won't be listened to. When you can make adults laugh, you get to hang with the adults. Otherwise you're at the kiddie table.
- **With the lyrics**, there was the absence of youth—of finally being heard. A lot of that comes out of adolescence, from the feelings of not being heard. When you finally get the microphone, you want to shout out as loud as you can what's on your mind. We hit a note.
- **We didn't have** a lot of money for lighting, sets, or costumes on *Swingers*. But it was amazing how much music could emotionally put a perspective on a given scene. It was well-to-well *Saturn* at first, but we couldn't afford it. When we put *Swingers* together, it was a big victory for me. I could finally afford *Saturn*. And boy, does it do the trick!
- **As you age**, there become fewer and fewer people whose advice is actually relevant.
- **People want** to hear the same song sung over and over again. So it's my job as a filmmaker and storyteller to tell an incredible story in an unexpected way.
- **Playing Rocky** *Murphy* was a lot of fun and a good excuse to lose a lot of weight. Fortunately, Rocky was not known for his *Saturn* but for his *guitar*. That's a lot easier to fake. I remember feeling bad for Will Smith when he had to play Ali. That's a hard one to fake.
- **You'd have** different problems than you had last time.
- **The theme is** that the more you put into yourself, the happier you are. When your life becomes about something bigger than you, eventually that's when it becomes the most fulfilling.
- **I have** "I measured the skill of listening yet. Maybe one day."
- **Living in the shadow** of God, you must say goodbye to so many people. I can't imagine.
- **When it's** my time to go, I hope I feel the same feeling I do when we wrap a movie. It was great. It was hard work. It wouldn't make it for the world, but I'm glad it's over. ■



AVATAR: JAMES CAMERON; SIR WHEELER: JAMES CAMERON; SWINGERS: JON FAVREAU; ROCKY MURPHY: JON FAVREAU

# SHAO

## IN WINTER

By Scott Raab

HE WAS THE FIRST SUPERSTAR AFTER JORDAN, AND HIS CAREER HAS BEEN DEFINED BY CONTENTIOUS, HIGH-OCTANE PLAYING RELATIONSHIPS WITH PUNKS LIKE PENNY AND KOBE. THEN, AT THIRTY-EIGHT, THE OLDEST PLAYER IN THE N.B.A. HAD ONE LAST THING TO ACCOMPLISH: WIN A RING FOR THE KING.

### THIS IS WHAT SHAQUILLE O'NEAL CALLS HIMSELF AT THE

Jelly beans and cream when he's finally joined the Cavaliers.

"The still for Don Dale of all things."

Don Dale: "The bomb. The shot. The King."

Shaq has landed in Cleveland, the surprised land, the town where destiny is to die, the city whose battered face knew that however ugly things got, they'll get worse. They're here here.

He wears a gauntlet of sweat-soaked in his hands and T-shirts to reach his chair. They slap and he slaps their heads and smiles, a goofy, slightly cross-eyed punk in a dark-gray suit. His shirt and tie are bright pink. He goes pale when he sees the team's newest president has with a pair of yellow winter boots and a snow shovel, the joke being that during his eighteen years in the NBA, O'Neal has played for Orlando, Miami, Los Angeles, and Phoenix, places where winter means long drives.



Shaq has a better job. After being introduced by Cavs coach Mike Brown, Danny Ferry became, as O'Neal says, "The great Danny Ferry—'cause we all know Danny Ferry was a great player. A pretty good player. The other day, when I got the call from Danny Ferry, I was like, 'Danny Ferry? Danny Ferry? I had to check my computer to see who Danny Ferry was, and that's what came up as the internet.'"

And he satilla a photo of Danny Ferry toward the end of his own 40th birthday NBA event, when he played for the Spurs, too or so it says.

In the photograph, Ferry is bent forward, grunting a ball on the hardwood, a patty, holding out. Behind him, both huge hands played across Ferry's back, his lower torso pressed to Ferry's mid, stands the alpha dog, Dan Dula.

Sitting beside Shaq, Danny Ferry—who spent ten years playing for the Cavs and was a pretty good player only if "pretty good" means a top power forward that never willing to pass a frig—laughs that it's a little bit like Shaq and Danny would play game in 1996 when Ferry and one of Shaq's Orlando teammates landed "There's two kinds of deep—divergent and convergent," Shaq told the media after that game. "Danny Ferry is convergent and has been ever since he was at Duke."

Couch Mike Brown, seated on Shaq's other side, never played in the NBA. At forty, he's one of the youngest and least experienced coaches in the league. He's watched both Shaqs have some advice for him. Although it really isn't an offer. "Right now, we don't have any seventh-up teams," Shaq says, looking sideways at Brown, "and we will not be able to double anybody, and you can understand that one hundred times—we won't be doing anybody."

Brown, too, laughs it off. But O'Neal's not laughing. "Other teams are going to have matching problems against us," he says. "We will not be doing anybody—ever again."

He is the oldest player in the NBA, and the largest, and the wealthiest. He has earned more than \$360 million in salary since during his career—only \$200 million more than Black Jesus, aka his brother Jordan—and has earned both an undergraduate degree in business and an M.B.A. This is the final year of his current contract, the Cavs are paying Shaq \$20 million.

This is also the final year of Danny Ferry's contract. And of Mike Brown's. They have won with the Cavaliers—but they have not won a championship.

Oh—and by the way it's his LeBron James's only year. The Chosen One. The King. The Aizen kid who leapt all the way from St. Vincent to, Mary High School to the threshold of NBA godhood. Already you can sense that James, at the age of twenty-five, belongs



**HE'S TOO BIG**—two feet, too slow to defend the pick-and-roll. He can't take free throws. He'll take up to eight inches under the hoop that LeBron will have no time to notice. He will lead to James as he studied with Penny in Orlando and Kobe in Los Angeles.

These are the kinder things the villagers say about Shaq. They have been looking so hard for so long that they can't see what Shaq might be in front of them. Shaq is the only man all but the oldest of them have ever known—living in future—how can they recognize the unfolding of a mythical life as it is revealed to itself?

He has come to conquer evil, to release us from fear's bondage, to play the hero, to sustain our collective gods, to make us all citizens of hope.

**Shaq's The Last Samurai.** The Man with No Name. Bushido. Thereby can you see himself, even as it happens in front of us. Game by game, Shaq plays himself into shape. His entire career is about taking them back for the playoffs—and because, with LeBron James playing at a level unseen since Michael in the prime of his prime, the Cavs don't need to push O'Neal at all to win games. When they do need him, against teams with no Michael, he rises to his game on both ends of the court. He and LeBron share the court and the ball with easy grace.

The ball court but his fucking face thrives though. But every day, he stays after practice, working it. As time turns to winter and long after most of the Cavs have gone home, Shaq is at the gym, clanking his knees off every rack of the court.

"Santa Claus," he bellows, beaded my way, dripping sweat. I have long white hair and a white beard, my belly chafes, and he doesn't know my name. So I am Santa. I have been



called some names.

Looking good, Shaq. I like how you're passing yourself. "I'm passing myself? I'm saying out of my way. The type of player he is, you need twenty out of his way. Let him go. I'm not here to dominate the ball. However—just like last night, if you need some buckets, I can turn them. That's all I do."

Last night was Kobe and the Lakers. Playing twenty-eight minutes, Shaq stepped their young legs to jelly on both ends of the court. He scored thirteen—including three of four free throws—and stayed out of LeBron's way well enough for James to hit for thirty-seven points and the Cavs to raise their win loss record to 33-23. The game before, in a win against Toronto, Shaq scored sixteen points and became only the fifth player in NBA history to

top twenty-eight thousand career points, joining Bill, Kareem, George, and Karl Malone. Gets that? Good those days, I say. "I feel fucking fabulous," Shaq says. "I feel good. I'm the old, old ball that has done it. And I'm now with a new crowd. For, when I was with Kobe, it was the madman ball and the young ball. And when I was with Penny, it was the new young ball."

Young balls didn't always see eye to eye. "My thing back then was, it was always gonna be my fault if we didn't win, so we as guys have to look out for my way. When I was with Orlando, we were doing it on everybody else's way—and I always got blamed. So I just got it on my head, fuck it. If I'm gonna get blamed, I'm gonna do it my way. Period, point-blank."

These guys want to like you. "I talk to you, I tell you stories. The good thing about my stories is, it's all believable. A lot of guys here have seen me in my younger years do what I did. It's a class-act guy. That is the business, basketball means I've never been on my life. Just laughter and guys laughing. I've never been on a team like that. Most of the teams I've been on always had cliques—the guys hang with this guy, this guy goes to the movies with this guy, two guys from Europe are doing their thing, one guy's doing albums and movies, one guy's doing a business deal, one guy's telling the coaches whatever, but the guy—the Lakers—everyplace we go, he stands a little. They meet us at the clubhouse, right to check, meet us at the movies, we get a party tonight. This is a very, very close-knit group."

This track is ending out in the parking lot, an enormous black Freightliner Super Coach, a metal Supercoach 5-clamped to the front grill. I ask him how it handles in the snow.

"Pretty good. I can use a couple tires. Luckily I spent not where nobody was around. Then in my first time driving on this mess, and I have heavy feet. This was, just be careful."

Tenured I bought that by accident. Well, no accident—I'm a gun on my back. I was in my Lamborghini one day in Phoenix, back to coast, and I got a wet spot and I spun-out twice. So when I came to the locker room that night, I said, I'm getting rid of that shit. And Andre [Boudrias] said, I'll buy it. So I was in my Paldi [apartment] they had a truck for 130, and Andre bought me for 150, so I took the 150, bought the big truck, and still had 30,000."

**SEE DUN DUN** will return my suit. The suit is from a game played December 27, 1984. The National Football League World Championship Game, before the Super Bowl, before Super Bowl, a right back.

The suit was fifty-year old, lower deck. Uncle Murray's was it. He and his family were vacationing in Miami, so Uncle Murray took me to the game. The Cleveland Browns were seven-point underdogs to the old Baltimore Colts, led by Johnny Unitas.

It was rainy cold, the wind whipping off Lake Erie. I went there for twenty-five yards, with two interceptions. It was so cold as hell, but the Browns QB Frank Ryan—Dance Frank Ryan, a 19 in 1950s—was cold as hell in his back in the second half, three third TD passes. But the Browns ran for 114 yards. The Browns was 29-0 in Cleveland in 1950.

I had never felt so good before, and haven't since. Cleveland was the eighth-largest city in the nation. I knew pretty early—I felt right about right seeing Jim Brown running the game—and was part of something big and wonderful and pure. My town. My town. Mike.

Murray's dad. Larry's seventy-five, I'm starting point-blank at sixty. Cleveland's now the forty-third-largest city in the nation, I live in 1984. The Baltimore Colts play in Indianapolis, the Cleveland Browns are the Baltimore Ravens, the new Cleveland Browns.





**YOU HAVE  
NOW HEARD  
OF JENNIFER  
LAWRENCE**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NINA MENTZ

SHE'S AN ACTRESS  
AND EXTREMELY TALENTED  
ONE NO REALLY  
BY DAVID KATZ

OVER 100



**Esquire**, JUNE/JULY 2010 / JENNIFER LAWRENCE / A WOMAN WE LOVE



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PLATE 17. *Continued*

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JANE FIELD  
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his first creek, a  
tradition was b

**'MERCED'**  
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 THE DON NAME  
 WHOLE TOWN-A  
 WIFE, MERCED







MY FATHER  
WORKS  
WITH PEOPLE  
WHO FACE  
HORROR.  
THEIR STORIES  
BECOME HIS.

## THE MADNESS OF MEN

BY CHRIS JONES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FINN O'HARA

WE WERE LIVING IN AUSTRALIA THEN, in a house on the grounds of the wind school where my dad worked. There were usually men whenever he worked, and robed in large groups. This time, in 1979, there was a happened to be student prison guards. Our roomies they were troubled men, one had scars, disfigured scars, men who might drink too much or tie a belt around their necks in the showers. Occasionally, women—a steady line of women, too, equally troubled. He was the Curves, the Lady on the Train. In Australia, there were also spiders. Our house was not open by spiders—Australian spiders—huge, hairy, poisonous spiders that come inside after they had finished their cigarettes and lined up on our shoes. I can remember my dad knocking one of those spiders off the bathroom wall with a rolled-up newspaper. When it landed on the toilet, it made a thud. Like a hand crashing against a window. I can also remember my dad—his name is John, we call him Dadie—coming home from work one night and it being on a tray around the dinner table. Anywhere else in the world, he's the listener, but at the table, my dad talks.

He hardly ever tells happy stories. Almost always, his stories revolve around death, or at least

someone will do us any wrong it. We mock and get into the fun ourselves. We laugh by having Christmas carol and everybody could be laughing and joking and suddenly he'll say something like, 'Oh, father often shot himself in the past and even this day 196 was written in the front seat, and they found his head in the back' and we'll all groan and cover our eyes and then someone, usually me, will bellow, 'Merry Christmas, Dole!' We've always made a lot of him like that. Once, years ago, he fell asleep on the couch and woke himself up by shouting, 'Chewbacca!' at the top of his lungs. He was probably dreaming about something terrible, some awful trauma by the time he'd said it, 'Chewbacca' because we all enjoy going to the movies and watching Star Wars. He'd been watching Star Wars the night before. They'd gone straight into the hall without warning, like he'd been filled a bit too much. They might as well have told us. That just sores me, groans and yells and sad, and the reason they began like that night in Australia, where they began by getting into a story about a man named Dr. Death—our patient became our sandwich.

My dad had to be working with a group of paramedics 19-40% can explain what he did, mostly because he doesn't like to do anything, but he's not honest, especially in the working years of his career, to break down guarded men to save them from themselves from their severe neuroses of self-administered morphine drops the electric fence that surrounded their prison walls. He called a day of care. Last week, he was working at a maximum-security prison in Edmond, not work, he'll be taking it a police college. His partner copes paramedics or correctional workers in a confinement room at a random check host had weeks away at the yard one after the other to cry about something terrible he has seen, and then they all go.

There was the firefighter who had found a toddler in a car elevator. The boy had been playing with ants he had had by the car's air line, and he had been lying on his back on the bottom of that elevator. Something was left of the boy except for shoes and a single lock of curly blond hair. Without the hair, the firefighter probably would have been fine, but he had touched the hair, which looked and felt like the hair on his own balding head, and he had begun weeping. He planned to tell his friends that when a man that he had been dismissed. For many men, especially men in uniform, death is also the option that a confession of weakness, which means that one had been weak can give for him.

This time, my dog told us at dinner that night, he had been trying to crack their roostful of Australian paramecs. Paramecs are a bird band. Australian paramecs are like Australian spiders. My dad was hoping to teach this about the present students—how to teach their culture on today's day, but also one another who they found lack of early blond hair in the bottoms of cloaks. They responded at first, he said, by laughing about some of the stuff they'd seen, that's how they spoke, always turning human beings into objects, into jumpers and bullet-vests and crumples, but then one of them began talking about Dr. Death with a different look in his eyes.

Dr. Death was the nickname the paramedics had given to a mid-way driver they had come to know. Apparently, the average subway driver might hit and kill one or two people over the course of his career. Most of those people want to be killed, but that doesn't make it any easier for the last man to have seen themselves. Dr. Death had

already killed something like seventeen people. My dad said that number to us—seventeen—with a kind of marvel in his voice.

Today, a year though he has heard and told so many stories since then, he still remains lost in the story of Dr. Deane. "I still remember it so clearly, impossible for me. To top that, neither," *Amal* ends, saying, sitting at the dinner table once again, all these years later. It's the odds of it that have stayed with him. Dr. Deane has been put on different routes, on different shifts, in the center of the city and in the suburbs, morning, noon, and night, and no matter where or when he was driving his train, someone would be up in front of it. He was destined to be a magnet for disaster.

Now, that most of Australian paramedics thought Dr. Bevilacqua was hilarious. Dr. maybe they just preferred to think it was hilarious because another—they joked that he didn't even bother stopping any more, just flaked on the windshield wipers and watched the blood run off like rain. "Sorry, mate. Next stop, Bondi Junction." (Bondi means, of course, is an important coping mechanism on cold places like this, and my dad knew that.) But the Australian paramedics and their laughter warmed him—because he also knows the guy that is a mate to him even coping and facing the same gap that divides livestock from livestock from livestock.

The Australian paramedics knew that gap, too. They knew Dr Death was not well, and they knew they were not well, either. They knew Dr Death had seen the faces of seven, ten people in the instant before they died, and the paramedics had seen those faces (13 times, and now my dad had brought all seven of them home for dinner.

**I** he'd died, and he probably is. I would guess that my grand father is the man sitting over there, to the former, his army he's not dropped over his eyes yet. But I wouldn't know him to see him. Until recently I didn't even know my grandfather's name. My dad had never spoken to me about him, and I had to beg him to ask me. He was a man of great honor. I had become a member of the family. I had heard family whispers, whenever we went back to Wales, that our last name was really Jones, and my name Wendy had maintained something to my brother once about the scene under second that they were really Jones.

"He was a soldier in the British army on a base called Tidworth," my dad began when I finally push him a bit. "I still get shivers when I see that word!"

We're entering the third life. We're in the third life with my mom in Arizona, down the street from me. It's high in the hills and a lot of light. Most of the furniture is new. My dad's story—saw a girl, his physically he's on. He has a brand bald and the robes of a man who grew up surrounded by life, he has a lot of life. He wears glasses. At the moment, it's more movement, including that one. It's a little different. Earlier today, one of his neighbors, an old Italian lady called him over from across the street. She looked inside. Her son-in-law had just died. He was 67 years old. She said, "I'm sorry. He died." She was a lady and a mother and a mother-in-law. A photograph of the old Italian lady's son-in-law is sitting on the table. For some reason, she thought my dad should have one.



The author's disclosed grant, trip, office funding, family advisory relationships, his participation in their work, and payment is T400, Grant Canada.



thing to my brother once about the scene under



James Backus, co-creating the jamunade in the early '70s. One player, Michael Anderson (right), has since left, would later drop out of the band's orbit.

"I know almost nothing about him," my dad says of his father. His voice is calm, measured, like he's reading from a police report. "I know—my first memory is of him smacking me. I was four or five years old. I was standing at a table. He was very angry or drunk or both. I don't remember that. I remember he hit me in the face with the butt of a rifle. I can remember falling off the table and smacking my mouth on a metal bucket on the floor. I lost my front teeth right then. I had a missing pair from tooth for years after that from hitting me roughly on the bucket."

(Do you remember what he looked like?)

"I've been told he was very tall, but I can't remember. He's just a picture of rage in my head."

Do you remember this name?

\*Arthur, my dad says, was like "Arthur Taylor"

Deborah C. Poff

And the scarf? Under your chin? Is that from the rifle.

My dad's eyes go wide. He's had the war for as long as he can remember, but he can't recall his first experience of his blacked-out night. "You know I've always wondered," he says, his hands moving to his chest to catch the river of blood running out from the hole in it. His mouth is almost turning black, the taste of metal filling his mouth.

[illegible]

The Mountain wanted my dad to keep them in hand with. He declined. He had learned by then that most men are able to put their sons in compartments, they carve all sections of their lives from

one another. We men tried to live their lives on a continuous, unbroken string of experience. He had also learned that when one only sees their names, they couldn't make it out.

Men were on the attack with knives. Women turn their anger out, and Helen was very angry, so she couldn't stop cursing herself! But she was never going to hurt anybody else. She said that, and they talked about what she had done. They talked the way two friends might criticize. My dad tried to make Helen feel normal, to ignore the attack and just stand at the woman's house and look at her, and at the man, and the kids on his bus.

**H**is members sit motionless, throwing herself over her hair, and screaming and beating the train from Tidworth in the night, her mother and Wendy and him. His car moves either looking out the windows and seeing the weed-wee crates and signs to be made at the stations, and he can remember the lights of the small towns scattered all across the Welsh countryside. It was 1946. They remember their flight to the coast in a village called Hayland, on a dead and stormy sea. Little like his mother's Lane

His mother, an unmarried young woman to a brother named Tim Jones. Together they had four more children, the kids still living with one another but 20 miles from the children who had been given by one mother to another two who had died. He called my dad a "Woody young", which my dad took as an insult. He dropped out of school, he came elsewhere about 1960, and the man thing he was told he was good at—and tried his hand in being a pretty fool. He took people, animals, property into—things he would never mind—and buried them in the forest. He took old cars, working at a man's house and then at an auction house, before he came to college. He was inspired at seventeen and found a sense of belonging and purpose in the water. He studied by himself for two years after work and took the last entry exams for university, he had won his way by a local manager. He passed. My dad went to theological college in Cardiff.

He was at school when James died. My dad took the train home. He had to stand up to the open window and greet visitors as a kindness as Little Honeybunch Lane. That was a long time ago, in rural Wales. Sodas were not rationed, they were buried in a heavy life geometry as James was laid out in his box, and a thin sheet of glass had been







# The GREAT ESCAPE

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNABY ROPER



#### WHERE TO FIND THE MOST FISH

- 1 IN WHAT'S CALLED POCKET WATERS: FAST, RIPPLED STRETCHES PINCHED BETWEEN NARROW BANKS. NOT QUITE RAPIDS, BUT ALMOST RAPIDS.
- 2 IN DEEP SPOTS: LOOK FOR UNDERWATER LEDGES OR DROP OFFS.
- 3 AROUND "STRUCTURE"—SUBMERGED TREES, ROCKS, BRIDGE ABUTMENTS, AND SO FORTH.
- 4 IN THE SPRING, ON THE GRAVEL BEDS WHERE MANY FISH GO TO SPAWN.



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Fishing Net: J. Crew  
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Esquire

STYLE



30

**This page**  
 Top: Captain Jack  
 (2012) by Robby  
 Brown, and Sam  
 Wilson (2012) and  
 Andrew (2012)  
 by John Krasinski  
 (2012) by Billy  
 Crystal (2012)  
 by Steve Orange  
 (2012) by Steve  
 Orange

**Opposite page**  
 Captain Jack  
 (2012) by Robby  
 Brown, and Sam  
 Wilson (2012) and  
 Andrew (2012)  
 by John Krasinski  
 (2012) by Billy  
 Crystal (2012)  
 by Steve Orange  
 (2012) by Steve  
 Orange







**HOW TO CLEAN A FISH:**  
 1. SCRAPER EACH SIDE OF THE FISH WITH THE BACK OF YOUR FINGER-LET KNIFE REPEATEDLY FROM TAIL TO HEAD THE SCALES WILL COME OFF EASILY  
 2. STARTING AT THE THROAT, REMOVING THE GILLS MAKE A CUT STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE TAIL FIN (SEE RIGHT)  
 3. PULL OUT THE GUTS AND RINS

»

**This page**

Waterside sweater (\$115), vintage sweat shirt (\$295), and outdoor pants (\$220) by Prada.

**Opposite page:** Waterside jacket (\$145) by Colson, shirt, vest, and chinos by shirt (\$125) and sweater (\$125) by Colson, \$150 jeans and outdoor pants (\$215) by H. L. Smith, and sneakers (\$125) by Red Wing.





Esquire

STYLE



**HOW TO  
COOK A  
FISH:  
1. MAKE A  
FIRE AND  
LET IT BURN  
DOWN TO  
MOSTLY  
COALS.  
2. FIND A  
STURDY STICK  
AND WHITTLE  
ONE END TO  
A POINT  
(SEE LEFT).  
3. LOWER  
THE FISH,  
RUNNING IN  
THROUGH  
THE MOUTH  
AND OUT  
THE TAIL.  
4. HOLD THE  
SKEWERED  
FISH OVER  
THE COALS  
AND TOEN IT  
EVERY FEW  
MINUTES.  
5. IT'S DONE  
WHEN THE  
FLESH PULLS  
BACK FROM  
THE SPINE.  
6. REMOVE  
FROM SKEW-  
ER ENJOY.**

»

**This page:**  
Pinecone canoe poles  
(2115) and canoe  
prow (2142) by Bar-  
ber; canoe hatchel  
clove (1412) by Fibre  
rubbie and leather  
hatchel (2445) by  
Western Chief.

**Opposite page:**  
Carter and pol-  
isole pullover (21174)  
with canoe-neck warmer  
(21175) and canoe  
prow (24105) by GARD  
canoe cloth (1441) by  
Gilded Age; rubber  
and leather hatchel  
(2445) and fishing lure  
(2445) by L. L. Bean.











# Things NOT to Do Before You Die

A man's guide  
BY BRIAN FANZER

☐ *Ride in a motorcycle with your arms wrapped around another man's waist*



☐ *Go out to eat with Michael Pollan*

☐ *Run in softball*

☐ *Start a fiancée for yourself on Facebook*

☐ *Machokise to an older or Japanese woman*

☐ *Fight someone in anything octopus-shaped*

☐ *Visit the Arch of Triumph in North Korea*

☐ *Ask for M. Night Shyamalan's autograph*

☐ *Spend the weekend writing Netflix reviews*

☐ *Correct spelling on Zoo Barbers' signs*

☐ *Blog a bad your vlog*

☐ *Ask the pope for babysitting referrals*

☐ *Get into an argument on Chaturbate*

☐ *Voluntarily see Sex and the City 3*

☐ *Trust Hamed Karroubi*



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